THE DICKENSIAN

VOL. XLI 1st DECEMBER, 1944 No. 273

WHEN FOUND—

MERRY CHRISTMAS to everybody ! A Happy New Year to all the world ! The old, old wish, but never more heartfelt than on this sixth Christmas of the war, when Peace on Earth is in sight once more. The reformed Scrooge was not more joyous in that hope and greeting than are we to-day, as the shadows pass and the long night draws to its close.

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The President. Congratulations to our President, Compton Mackenzie, O.B.E., LL.D., on his appointment as Honorary President of the Greenock Burns Club, " The Mother Club " of an affiliation of three hundred others. It surely must be unique for the Presidency of both the Dickens Fellowship and the Burns Clubs to be held simultaneously by one man. Comparisons between Dickens and Burns have more than once been made in this magazine, and this further happy bond between Scot and Sassenach is most heartily to be welcomed. Mr. Mackenzie has presided over our fortunes during difficult times, and we congratulate the Burns Clubs on the appointment of a President who we can confidently predict will be a great success.

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Mr. Pickwick through Soviet Eyes. Readers, we are sure, will welcome the reproduction on the opposite page of an illustration from a Russian edition of *The Pickwick Papers*, published, in three volumes, by the Accademia, Moscow, in 1933. We are indebted to Mezdhunatodnaya Kniga for the special permission to present this.

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The 1945 Birthday Luncheon. Plans are in hand for a Birthday Celebration Luncheon in London, on Saturday, 10th February. The President, Mr. Compton Mackenzie, will preside and propose the Toast of The Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens. Details may be found on page 2 of the cover of this issue. It is hoped that a larger number of Branches may be represented than at previous war-time luncheons.

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" Blitzed." The London that Dickens knew has changed much since he died in 1870, but there still remain a goodly number of places associated with his name. Some of these have lately suffered damage—in a few cases destruction—by enemy bombardment. Lieut.-Colonel W. M. H. Spiller has very kindly set himself the onerous task of compiling as complete a list as possible of the buildings and places affected. We hope to print the result of his researches, the outcome of personal inspection and enquiry.

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Still First. The B.B.C. has started a new series called " How it was written ; the biography of famous books," and it was inevitable that the first of the series on 13th September should be " The Pickwick Papers." It was well written and produced by Stephen Potter, full use being made of the wealth of material available.

We should have liked to hear some reference to R. W. Buss, who illustrated the third number, but whose illustrations were afterwards suppressed and replaced by Hablôt Browne's drawings. By permission of the B.B.C. we are able to quote the final passage:

"That, very briefly, is the story of the writing of *The Pickwick Papers*. It brings us no nearer the mystery of creation. Delving into facts will never do that for us but . . . we can learn something of the *circumstances* of creation from this history. We can learn this literary point, for instance, that the great writer does not often invent literary fashions, he uses them and adapts them to his own creative purpose. We can learn that ready-made text-book judgements of Dickens's 'failure to produce anything but types'—that such judgements are boring nonsense. And we discover also, I think, how deeply the great book can influence the author who wrote it—how *Pickwick Papers* gave Dickens confidence—uncovered a great reservoir of created material within him, which he was able to use all his life. To quote the greatest Dickensian critic of all, G. K. Chesterton, '*Pickwick* is in Dickens's career the mere mass of light before the creation of sun or moon. It is the splendid shapeless substance of which all his stars were ultimately made.'"

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The Fellowship Leads. As soon as the new season opened, with branches all over the world studying "The Book of the Year," *Bleak House*, the B.B.C. announced that its next serially dramatised novel would be from the same book. A start was made on Sunday, 14th October, and is to continue weekly for about three months. After hearing the initial instalments, we can confidently recommend it.

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Dickens and Beveridge. A "Daily Chronicle" correspondent, reporting the Berwick By-election, wrote: "Let me add that I am writing this message in a pleasant old-fashioned hotel where Charles Dickens once stayed, as a nameplate on the wall proudly recalls. To-night Sir William Beveridge speaks here. It is an interesting parallel. The Victorian novelist and the twentieth century economist might have disagreed and misunderstood each other on many things. But at least they would have had in common a genuine love of humanity and a fierce social urge. It will surely be recorded of Beveridge, as it is of Dickens, that he left his mark on the social history of England."

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The MS. of "Our Mutual Friend." The original MS. of *Our Mutual Friend* was sold by auction at the Parke Bernet Galleries, New York, on 18th October, for £4,250, passing from the ownership of the Drexel Institute of Technology, Philadelphia, to that of the Rosenbach Company. The price is interesting when it is remembered that G. W. Childs, who subsequently presented it to the Drexel Institute, paid £1,200 for it, bidding against the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington.

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In Turkey, too. The enthusiasm for Dickens in Russia is well known, but we now learn that his work is esteemed in another rapidly advancing country. Lady O'Malley (Ann Bridge), author of "Peking Picnic," lecturing at Southport, stated that the Turks had quite a passion for him. Ataturk had, in fact, made the reading of Dickens compulsory.

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"Times" Leaders. Those delightful third leaders in "The Times" continue to charm us. Dickens, like King Charles's Head else-

where, cannot be excluded, and appears with welcome frequency and we make bold to attribute them still to a name which has an honoured place in our list of Vice-Presidents. A recent disquisition on "The Wash" and its war-time difficulties was delightfully opened by Mr. Pickwick, and among the best, we think, was a panegyric on the name of Sam.

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Mr. J. D. Billington. No member is more widely known and esteemed in London than Mr. J. D. Billington, and it is with the deepest regret that we announce the death of Mrs. Billington which occurred suddenly on 28th September. Our most sincere sympathy goes out to him in his loss.

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A Welcome Return. Readers will extend a hearty welcome to Mr. Louis B. Frewer, who in this number resumes his valuable series, "From Recent Books," which appeared for so long in these pages and was only interrupted by the period of his National Service. We gratefully acknowledge the alacrity with which he offered a resumption of this feature. It is only equalled by that with which we accepted.

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Enthusiastic. In compiling his Notes on *Martin Chuzzlewit*, Mr. T. W. Hill was unable to trace the "traveller of honoured name" and the quotation at the end of Chapter XVI. He wrote to Mr. Frank W. C. Hersey, formerly Reader in English at Harvard University, a member of the Boston (Mass.) Branch, who "set our President, Edward F. Payne, and our Secretary, Mrs. Leone S. Bagley, on the trail. They took the problem to the Boston Public Library, and the whole staff there began searching. They set another big library, The Athenæum, to work . . . wrote to various professors and to information departments of various newspapers in Boston and New York . . . Finally the 'New York Times Book Review, Editor of Queries and Answers,' H. V. Felleman, gave the answer . . . so you see, your query really started a wide-flung investigation." Such enthusiastic work for *The Dickensian* richly deserves the public recognition hereby proffered.

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Andrew Lang. The article on Lang and Dickens appearing on another page deals with only one aspect of the work of a very versatile *littérateur*. Lang's erudition was recognised by his Honorary Fellowship of Merton College, Oxford. He was a cultivated classical scholar and translated the Iliad (with Butcher) and the Odyssey (with Leaf); a graceful poet with a pretty taste for parody; wrote on Folk-lore, the history of religion, and mythology; a novelist with a real sense of character-study; a judicious biographer. Among his enthusiasms were Dickens, Scott, to whom he was devoted, cricket and golf. His series of "Fairy-Books" remains a standard collection. He edited "Longman's Magazine" for many years and contributed "At the sign of the Ship" (Longman's Trade Sign), a commentary of current happenings particularly of a literary character. The ease and brightness of his conversation concealed a phenomenal memory and deep learning and wisdom.

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In re The Fleet. It is not uncommon for Dickens to be quoted in the Law Courts, and we are pleased to be able to add the following instance, for which we are indebted to Mr. Sydney Davis, a legal member of the Bromley Branch. In May last, in the Court of Appeal, Mr. Justice Mackinnon, in the course of his judgement, said: ". . . if some Act a century ago referred to a person being 'detained for five years in a debtors' prison,' I apprehend that a man who was living in the Rules of the Fleet and not inside the

prison itself would be 'detained in a debtors' prison.' As to this see 'In the matter of the Fleet Prison' (1824) 2 Bing. 163. When the husband here was allowed to visit his father under the conditions imposed by Dr. Davies, he was much more 'detained' in the East Riding Mental Hospital than a man was 'detained' in the Fleet Prison while he lived in the Rules, and the dirty man in the brown coat (No. 20 on the coffee-room flight) whose story was told to Mr. Pickwick by Sam Weller in the Fleet was, I think, 'detained' in that prison until he died, although after seventeen years' strict incarceration (for a debt of £9 multiplied by five for costs) he was for a long period let out daily by the turnkeys to spend his time in public houses." Chapter XL of *The Pickwick Papers* may be consulted by the curious.

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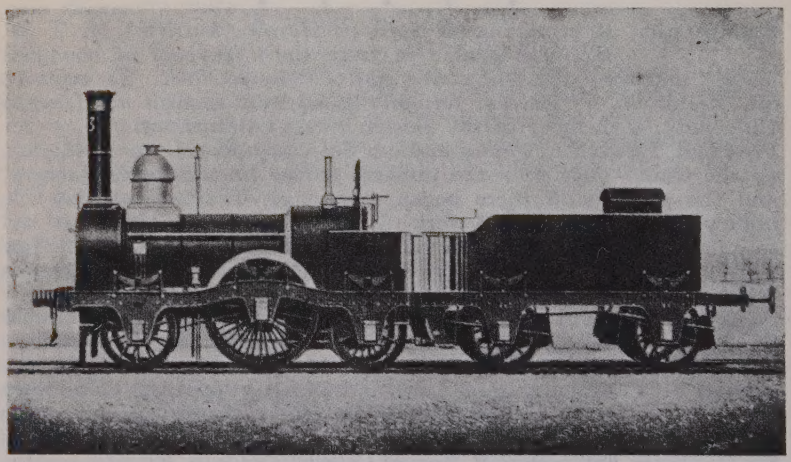
A Drood Centenary. As a footnote to the article in Vol. XL, p. 115, on Drood-Time in Cloisterham, it may be recorded that the Southern Railway has during September been celebrating the centenary of the opening, on 25th September, 1844, of the



line between Maidstone and Paddock Wood (up to then called Maidstone Road) by an interesting and successful exhibition at Maidstone Museum. Among the exhibits was an early print of a Sharp Roberts engine of the class that drew the first train on the new branch line. By the kindness of the Southern Railway, we are able to present a reproduction of it.

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Birmingham. Plans are afoot for the formation of a new Branch at Birmingham. All good wishes to Mrs. E. H. Fox Davies in her efforts. Will anyone interested communicate with her at 48 Wood End Road, Erdington, Birmingham.

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The Little Wooden Midshipman. It was with the greatest delight that we heard recently from Messrs. Imray, Laurie, Norie and Wilson that although their premises in the Minories were destroyed in the air raids of 1940, the Little Wooden Midshipman of *Dombey and Son*, which adorned them so long, was evacuated with the firm earlier in the war to St. Ives, Huntingdon. He lies safely and snugly in the case that bore him thither and the firm write that he will one day resume his "observations." LESLIE C. STAPLES.

AFTER MANY DAYS

By J. H. McNULTY

IT was cold, very cold, and the snow which had been falling all day showed no sign of ceasing. It was the sort of weather which appears on old-fashioned Christmas cards, but which, curiously enough, is rarely seen at the festive season. A keen wind blew the snow in clouds, it was "a nipping and an eager air" as Shakespeare would have called it, and rightly so, for it nipped the ears and noses of all who faced it and seemed eager to show what little protection the thickest overcoat could afford the shivering pedestrian. Under such conditions the city did not look at its best, for it seemed to have a hatred for the white silvery snow, which the traffic quickly churned into a brown freezing liquid; and the wind, instead of coming from one direction, as it would in the open country, got twisted among the lofty buildings, courts and alleys, blew from every point of the compass, and caught and cuffed the unhappy traveller. It was the kind of weather which polite people call "seasonable," while others use a very different epithet, but "seasonable" was the right word, for it was Christmas Eve.

Just as twilight was falling Mr. Gabriel Burg, partner in the wealthy firm of Burg & Co. Bankers, stepped out of his office and into his car which immediately started on its homeward journey. Mr. Burg united the not necessarily opposed callings of Banking and Literature; readers of forgotten books may remember Samuel Rogers, who tried to do the same thing. It by no means follows that because a man is a banker, and is frequently surrounded by impecunious clients asking for overdrafts, therefore he should be a morose and melancholy man; or because he is a writer of books he should be pedantic or stilted in his speech.

But Gabriel Burg was morose, surly and averse to cheerful thoughts and conversation. The name "Burg," though it has a slightly Teutonic sound, is really quite English. The founder of the house, grandfather to our hero, had altered his name by deed poll, but being of a rather conservative nature had retained the same letters and merely altered their order. He also made the change because the original name had an unpleasant sound and meaning, and had to destroy any association with a legend concerning a distant and rather disreputable member of the family. Mr. Burg was to-night in the worst of tempers; everything had conspired to irritate him. As his car made its way through the crowded city streets he noticed the shops pouring forth their streams of light into the fast-gathering gloom, and the crowds of cheerful purchasers, and all this added to his ill-humour. Why were all these foolish people buying useless gifts? He knew the answer. "It was Christmas Eve." Well he would keep his Christmas, by keeping to himself.

Annoyances had been growing recently and to-day they reached a climax. He considered himself, and perhaps rightly, a good business man, and some shares he had bought a short time before had fallen, not heavily, but the fall was, he considered, a reflection on his knowledge of the market, and suggested that his judgment had been at fault. He had just read an unfavourable review of his latest book, written, no doubt, by some idiot of a reviewer; still the criticism irritated him, especially as he feared it was partly true, and the weather—there came to his mind the lines, "Here shall he see, No enemy, But winter and rough weather." Well what worse enemy to plague a wretched mortal could there be than winter and such rough weather as this?

Then to crown all it was Christmas. He would be expected to be

amiable and that was the last thing he wished or intended to be. Why should he, or anyone, remember on the 25th December persons whom he was quite content to forget on the three hundred and sixty-four other days of the year, or be pleased to meet at this time those he had no desire to see at any other season ? He was quite willing, however, to drink to absent friends so long as they were absent. The Christmas fare provided at the restaurant which he regularly patronised had not pleased him, and he expected to-morrow's dinner would be little better. His bad temper and discontent were growing worse, and he fully expected, and even hoped, his digestion would go the same way so that he might more fully give vent to his intense dislike for to-morrow's festivities. He nursed his grievances and arrived home feeling himself a thoroughly ill-used man. He lived some twenty miles from London, and here the snow lay thick and undisturbed. The wind had fallen and the air was filled with the indescribably soft whisper of falling snow ; if silence could speak and not destroy herself, this would be her voice. He paid no attention to such things, but hurried into the house, and then discarding his overcoat and muffler, went to his study. He would spend the evening there, dine alone, and forget for a while the much-hated family gathering of to-morrow.

Sitting in an easy chair in the flickering firelight, he again went over his grievances, counting them as sensible men count their blessings, and was growing a little drowsy in the effort to find further matters for discontent when a Voice coming from no visible being sounded in his ear.

" You, a miserable man ! why should you be miserable ? Will the fall in your new investment cause you to smoke one cigar the less, shorten your summer holiday by a single day, make any curtailment in your household or personal expenditure necessary ? "

" No," answered Gabriel, " but my judgement appears to have been at fault."

" Your judgement is at fault," replied the Voice, " but in another matter. Is it your judgement that makes you choose to spend Christmas alone ? Will your ill-temper make you any happier ? "

" I suppose not," began Gabriel, but the Voice interrupted him.

" Will the critics be able to destroy your book if it really does possess merit ? If you wish to write for the few, why should you expect to be popular ? "

" It isn't that," said Gabriel, " but——"

" And why do you hate Christmas ? If you love books, or music or art, I say if you do love these things, you cannot hate what has inspired them. What is it that has filled the Art Galleries of the world ? It is Christmas ; look at the pictures of Madonna and Child, the Adoration of the Shepherds and Kings. What inspired the music of Bach and Beethoven ? The first Christmas Carol sung by the angels nearly two thousand years ago. What has been the theme of many of our most beautiful poems ? Christmas. What has given fame and immortality to the man whose books you may consider sentimental, but who possesses a popularity you are never likely even to approach ? Christmas. The Wise Men carried their gifts to Bethlehem and the singers, artists and poets throughout the ages have followed them. Here is a poem you have never heard before but should remember when you are tempted to speak slightingly of the hallowed season :

THE GIFTS

They came from distant, Eastern lands,
They followed one bright burning Star,
Across the deserts trackless sands,
Through barren wastes remote and far.

They carried gifts of gold and myrrh,
And fragrant frankincense with them,
And laid them where the cattle were
In a dark cave in Bethehem.

For there they found Whom they had sought,
For Whose dear sake they crossed the wild,
For Him those precious gifts they brought,
Their God and King a new-born Child.

And ever since that far-off time,
Musicians, Artists, Poets throng,
In every age, from every clime,
With gifts of music, art and song.

Here is great Milton's Ode sublime,
And Crashaw's simpler sweeter lay,
And many a Carol's artless rhyme,
From men whose names have passed away.

And in a harsh and heartless age,
When faith grew dim, and love was cold,
Did Dickens write each Christmas page,
And bring his gift of purest gold.

The Painter's glowing canvas shows
The Holy Mother's tender care,
The Infant's smile or deep repose,
And shining Angels deep in prayer.

" Glory to God and peace to men,"
The Angel's carol filled the skies,
And Bach, Mozart and Beethoven
Weave round those words their melodies.

Thus Verse and Music, Art and Song
Bearing their precious gifts with them,
Follow the Magis' path along,
And with them go to Bethlehem.

There was a pause and then—" Who spends Christmas Eve alone ? Who wishes to dine alone on Christmas Day ? "

Gabriel knew the answer to both those questions.

" But Christmas is a feast for children," he answered.

" Why not be a child then ? At least at that season when the great Founder of the feast was a child Himself ? "

The Voice ceased and Gabriel became conscious of extreme cold and had an impression that he was lying at full length in a churchyard well whitened by the frost and snow. Some cigarette ash fallen on his coat helped the illusion, besides he was half-asleep, that is if he really had been dozing. He was not sure. He turned on the light, the bell for dinner was ringing, and ringing in his head was the sentence : " Why not be a child ? "

He never had been really young and he was not, he hoped, too old to be so now. He would make the experiment in honour of Christmas : and he did.

ANDREW LANG: CRITIC AND DICKENSIAN

By ROGER LANCELYN GREEN, B.Litt., M.A.

THIS year marks the centenary of Andrew Lang, who was born on 31st March, 1844; a writer much and undeservedly neglected, who did a great deal that is worth remembering in many fields of literature and scholarship, among which his writings on Dickens may well be recalled here.

His enthusiasm for the works of Dickens began almost as soon as he could read, and *Pickwick* and *David Copperfield* were early favourites, though to the schoolboy living at Selkirk on the Scottish border they could not, naturally, be quite as dear as the Waverley Novels, nor did *The Cricket on the Hearth* impress the future author of "Chronicles of Pantouflia" and editor of "The Blue Fairy Book" as favourably as did "The Rose and the Ring."

It was not until he was nearly thirty that Lang's appreciation of Dickens was first shewn in print, and then one of his earliest articles, almost the first review that he ever wrote, is an appreciative notice of the third volume of Forster's *Life* in "The Academy" of February 21st, 1874.

This was written a year before Lang resigned his Merton Fellowship to embark upon a literary career in London, and it was only in the early 'Eighties that he began to emerge in public notice as one of the leading and most promising writers of the day.

His first serious study of Dickens was included in his "Letters to Dead Authors" (1886) after first appearing in "The St. James's Gazette." In the letter to Dickens, Lang concerns himself largely with the immortality of his humourous characters, and regrets that the period in which he himself is living is so devoid of a true appreciation of them: "It naturally follows that, in a period almost destitute of humour, many respectable persons 'cannot read Dickens' and are not ashamed to glory in their shame. We ought not to be angry with others for their misfortunes; and yet when one meets the *crétins* who boast that they cannot read Dickens, one certainly does feel much as Mr. Samuel Weller felt when he encountered Mr. Job Trotter." He decides that over-refinement is proving inimical to the general popularity of the novels—particularly among the "young-lady" readers, who were then setting the taste in fiction. "Mr. Squeers and Sam Weller, and Mrs. Gamp, and all the Pickwickians, and Mr. Dowler, and John Browdie—these and their immortal companions were reared, so to speak, on the beef and beer of that naughty, fox-hunting, badger-bating old England, which we have improved out of existence. And these characters, assuredly, are your best; by them, though stupid people cannot read about them, you will live while there is a laugh left among us." These are always Lang's favourite characters, and after a certain amount of severe criticism of the "pathos" of Little Nell and the younger Dombey and of the melodramatic situations and characters of such a book as *Martin Chuzzlewit* (the novel which Lang read most frequently) he returns to them as if in palinode: "We cannot think of our world without them; and, children of dreams as they are, they seem more essential than great statesmen, artists, soldiers, who have actually worn flesh and blood, ribbons and orders, gowns and uniforms."

It is impossible to follow Lang through all his writings on Dickens from this time onwards: some of his essays were reprinted in "Essays in Little" (1891) and "Lost Leaders" (1889); others still haunt the dusty corners of old, forgotten magazines. How often he mentions Dickens in his monthly article in "Longman's Magazine" from January

1886 to October 1905, or in the weekly "At the Sign of St. Paul's" in "The Illustrated London News" from November 1905 until his death on July 20th, 1912, it is impossible to compute; nor the number of quotations and allusions that occur in the most unexpected of his works—never amiss though he be writing on the Epic Cycle or primitive marriage customs or the Casket Letters! Indeed so much a part of him had the works of Dickens become, that his novel "The Mark of Cain" (1886) shows strong traces of the master's influence: "in one or two places there is a strong suggestion of Dickens" remarks "The Saturday Review." One similarity at least is the "academy for young ladies" in which the heroine, Margaret Shields, is immured by her philanthropic guardian, which recalls Miss Twinkleton's establishment at Cloisterham rather vividly; though it is only fair to add that nowhere does influence degenerate into imitation.

The world of fiction was always a very real world to Andrew Lang, and the reality of fictional characters is turned to delightful account in his "Old Friends," in which, imitating the styles of the characters concerned, he narrates in epistolary form such meetings as might have occurred between the creations of different authors. "*Pendennis* and *David Copperfield* came out simultaneously in numbers, yet Pen never encountered Steerforth at the University; nor did Warrington, in his life of journalism, jostle against a reporter named David Copperfield. One fears that the Major would have called Steerforth a tiger, that Pen would have been loftily condescending to the nephew of Betsey Trotwood. But Captain Costigan would scarcely have refused to take a sip of Mr. Micawber's punch!" To rectify such omissions, he makes Montague Tigg describe in a letter to David Crimp how he met the Count of Monte Cristo; he brings together Harold Skimpole, Charles Honeyman and Arthur Pendennis, and allows the celebrated French detective, M. Lecoq, to arrest Mr. Pickwick as a suspicious character and write to Inspector Bucket of Scotland Yard for instructions.

A work of more solid importance was the Gadshill Edition of the works of Charles Dickens edited in 36 volumes by Lang in 1879, containing, besides introductions to each book, a long and very illuminating essay on Dickens in the last volume, which also appeared in "The Fortnightly Review" for December of the following year. This essay is the most easily accessible of Lang's writings on Dickens, and so need not be quoted here.

After so much praise and adulation, it is comforting to find Lang admitting in an essay on "Books we have Stuck in" ("Illustrated London News, July 29th, 1895): "I was bogged in *Dombey and Son*, in *Little Dorrit*, in *Our Mutual Friend*," besides similar confessions of difficulties encountered in books by such favourites of his as Scott, Stevenson, Kipling and Rider Haggard"

In more serious vein are Lang's remarks on art and realism in Dickens, called out by reading Gissing's "Life" in 1898. "Nobody can display the whole of life in a work of art. . . . Everybody must select, and he selects in accordance with his temperament, his theory, and his idea of the nature and limits of his art. Mr. Gissing, I believe, mainly selects unhappy things, and pushes to unhappy conclusions. Dickens, with plenty of squalid facts, adds abundance of cheerful details. . . . His conventions are not Mr. Gissing's conventions; his idealism is not Mr. Gissing's idealism. Thus Bill Sikes, Nancy, the Dodger, do not offend the modest ear in their language. . . . Perhaps a realist would crowd his pages with the naughty words of Nancy and the Dodger. This expedient the realist would call 'art' . . . In real life we shrink from Sairey and condemn her. In fiction we take her to our bosoms. For art is not life, and a realistic Sairey or Squeers

would not be art, any more than is real water on the stage. 'In what sense,' asks Mr. Gissing, 'can this figure in literature be called a copy of the human original?' Why, in the only sense—the sense of art. The Gamp of actual existence, reflected in art, is Sairey. Art is not life, but a reflection of life under certain pleasurable conditions. Nature never made a Sairey any more than she made a Clytemnestra or a Lady Macbeth. But she strove towards these ends; and art—in the form of Dickens, Aeschylus and Shakespeare—helped her to her aim . . ." ("Longman's Magazine," September, 1898).

Besides its face value, this criticism presents a good insight into Lang's own character, accounting to some extent for the enthusiasm which so refined and sensitive a romantic could entertain for such describers of the painful and squalid as Fielding and Dickens.

From serious criticism Lang could turn gracefully to the lightest and most charming trivialities: amongst these is "An Elegy on Little Nell," written in the style of Pope, and still buried obscurely in "The Cornhill Magazine" for January 1901, of which a few lines must serve as example:

> "'Twas then the Maid controlled the eager Sire,
> 'Twas she that drew him from the City's Mire,
> And strove to soothe him in the rural shade
> Where only rustic needs usurp the *Spade*;
> Where *Hearts* are pure; and though rude Swains may drub,
> No Man imputes his Ruin to a *Club*.
> Wandering they went the Ways of labouring Men,
> By Moor and Marsh, by Village, Field and Fen,
> Content, where Puppets yield a blameless Sport,
> To dwell with *Codlin* and to sup with *Short* . . ."

It was not until the last years of his life that Andrew Lang began to concern himself with *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, although his first reference to it, commending Proctor's solution, appeared in "Longmans" in December 1898. It was the publication in July 1905 of J. Cuming Walters's "Clues to the Mystery of Edwin Drood" that first turned Lang's attention to it, and his interest smouldered through a number of letters to the papers and the delightful "Interview between Dr. Watson and Sherlock Holmes on the Drood Mystery" ("Longmans," September 1905), until it finally burst into flame with his little volume "The Puzzle of Dickens's Last Plot," issued by Chapman and Hall in October of the same year. He returned to the mystery in 1911 when Professor Jackson's "About Edwin Drood" brought the matter again before the public, and his fullest statement appeared in "Blackwood's Magazine" for May 1911, while some minor points were dealt with in a letter to *The Dickensian* in April of that year.

There is little need to say much of Lang's theories of the solution here: Mr. Cuming Walters described them sufficiently in *The Dickensian* of September 1912. Lang followed Procter in the main, believing that Drood survived Jasper's murderous attempt, and returned as Datchery until he became himself again to startle Jasper into confession in the Sapsea vault before pursuing him to his death on Cloisterham Tower. Later Lang was inclined to modify his views into a vein of scepticism as to the possibility of a solution: "Helena Landless *may* be Datchery, but she ought not to be," was the most that he would concede to Mr. Walters's theory; and he considered that Dickens would have been unable to keep up to the brilliance of the first twenty-three chapters, and would have tailed away into padding and improbabilities. It should be remembered that, in spite of his interest in the problem, Lang was never a very enthusiastic admirer of the book itself.

Lang's latest tribute to Dickens appeared in his "History of English

Literature" which was published a few days before his death, in which he speaks of him as possessing "a genius so unique that it has, in our literature, no parallel, and can never be an example," after four concise pages of judicious criticism and praise.

Devoted lover of Dickens though Lang was, he was never blind to his idol's faults, and for this reason he is a sounder critic of his works than of those more uncritical and sentimental attachments, Scott and Dumas. As Lang left no separate book on Dickens, his contributions to the subject are apt to be overlooked and neglected. Much that he stated as new truth has since become obvious; nearly all that he wrote on the *Drood* mystery was purely ephemeral or is now obsolete; but the solid excellence of his scholarly criticism and refined appreciation, and the ease and grace in which he clothed his lighter utterances should win and retain for Andrew Lang a lasting place in the regard of all readers and lovers of Dickens.

LIST OF ANDREW LANG'S WRITINGS ON DICKENS

I. The More Important Works

The Gadshill Edition of the Works of Charles Dickens. Edited by Andrew Lang, 36 volumes, Chapman and Hall, 1897-1898.
"Charles Dickens." Essay in Volume 24 of the above; also included in "The Fortnightly Review," Vol. LXIV, December, 1898.
"Letter to Charles Dickens." In Lang's "Letters to Dead Authors," 1886.
"Charles Dickens." Essay in Lang's "Essays in Little," 1891.
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SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH

When Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch died on 12th May, at the age of 80, there passed a distinguished man of letters, a novelist of considerable talent, one of the greatest literary authorities of our time, and a notable Professor of English Literature at Cambridge, a post he held with marked success for 32 years.

His industry was remarkable, for fully fifty works were published under his name, or in that of "Q," his pen name, mainly novels or collections of his Cambridge lectures. His first work was published as long ago as 1887. It was "Dead Man's Rock," an exciting adventure story after the manner of "Treasure Island."

However, that which we are here concerned with, is Quiller-Couch in relation to Dickens, so we must not be betrayed into any further reference to his general activities. His claim to be considered a great Dickensian is founded on the five lectures delivered at Cambridge, included in the volume called "Charles Dickens and other Victorians," in which he showed his love and understanding of the great novelist.

I have read a goodly number of delightful essays and studies of Dickens, but to my mind the most charming of them all are the lectures to which I have referred, and I would suggest that any reader of *The Dickensian* who has not read them should take an early opportunity of doing so.

Mr. McNulty, in his article on the late Stephen Leacock in the last number of *The Dickensian*, told us that that writer placed Dickens above Shakespeare as a creative writer. I suppose very few would agree with him; certainly not Quiller-Couch, but in effect he went so far as to adopt the famous Professor Jowett's pithy appreciation, "After Shakespeare, Dickens." This is how "Q" put it:

"If it comes to the mere wonder-work of genius—the creation of men and women, on a page of paper, who are actually more real to us than our daily acquaintances, as companionable in a crowd as even our best selected friends, as individual as the most eccentric we know, yet as universal as humanity itself, I do not see what English writer we can choose to put second to Shakespeare save Charles Dickens . . .

"They are as harps upon which the large wind plays; and as that is illimitable there is no limit to their utterances. It was so with Charles Dickens from the Sam Weller of his lost youth down to the last, when, in pain and under the shadow of death, he invented 'The Billickin.'"

Considerations of space do not permit of any further extract from these admirable lectures, but the one I have given will suffice, I think, to show that any reference to Quiller-Couch as a great Dickensian may be fully justified.

It will be remembered that he proposed the Toast to the Immortal Memory of Dickens at the Birthday Dinner in 1931. The speech he made on that occasion, a notable one, may be found in *The Dickensian* for that year (p. 87).

W. P. W.

UNCOLLECTED SPEECHES

XI

THE ROYAL GENERAL THEATRICAL FUND, April 4th, 1863

[Dickens attended thirteen Annual Festivals of the Royal General Theatrical Fund, but of his speeches on those occasions only those at four (1846, 1851, 1858 and 1866) appear in the published volume, "The Speeches of Charles Dickens," and those at four others (1847, 1849, 1850 and 1857) were printed in *The Dickensian* in 1918, 1939 (two) and 1940 respectively. Those printed here were delivered by Dickens as the Chairman of the Eighteenth Annual Festival, held at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen Street, London, on April 4th, 1863. We are deeply indebted to Mr. Ifan Kyrle Fletcher, of Caerleon, Mon., for the loan of a copy of the extremely rare "Proceedings" of this Festival, which figured in his recent Catalogue and from which they have been reprinted.—EDITOR.]

1

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

In proposing to you to drink the loyal toast, "The Queen," I have the gratification of informing you that her Majesty has again repeated her munificent annual donation of one hundred pounds in aid of the Royal General Theatrical Fund. (Cheers.)

2

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

It is not the least notable circumstance in the young lives of the two exalted persons who have lately engrossed so much general attention, that as each is the deserving object of the other's free choice, so the future career of both must henceforth for ever be inseparable from that of a free people deserving to be free. Surely no old poet, or painter, or sculptor ever conceived a more graceful or beautiful marriage procession than that of the other day where all ages, all classes, all conditions of the fruition of hope or the disappointment of hope joined together in one great equal, generous enthusiasm in behalf of those two young people in the flush of life and fortune, and governed themselves and governed their tempers in honour of the interesting scene. (Cheers.) I am sure you will agree with me in saying, never may that young Prince and Princess, and the great true-hearted English people, be less worthy of one another, or less at peace with one another, than they were that day. (Cheers.) I beg to propose to you to drink "Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales and the rest of the Royal Family."

3

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

It is equally the characteristic of the Army and of the Navy that the members of those two brave services very seldom talk about their duty and always do it. I cannot better testify my respect for that noble model than by adopting it. I therefore beg to propose to you "The Army and Navy and the Volunteers," with which toast I will connect the name of Captain Ward who sits upon my right. (Cheers.)

4

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

With my present responsibilities impending over me I happened the other night, as I sat alone, to be reading a paper in "The Tatler" referring to the time when Mr. Powell's company of performing puppets was in high vogue with persons of quality. In that number of "The

Tatler " the brilliant essayist gives a humourous description of a contest then raging between two ladies at Bath—Prudentia and Florimel, as to which of them should set the fashion to the greatest number of imitators. In the course of this noble struggle Florimel bespoke " Alexander the Great " to be acted by the players and Prudentia bespoke " The Creation of the World " to be acted by the puppets, at the same time darkly putting it about for the confusion and ridicule of her rival that the puppet Eve, whom I suppose to have been but indifferently modelled, would be found to be in figure " the most like Florimel that ever was seen." (Laughter.) Now what were the missing charms, what were the defective points in this wooden lady's anatomy does not appear, otherwise I should have had the honour of delicately stating them to this company ; but it does appear that his Worship the Mayor inclined to the wooden side of the question and that on high moral grounds he greatly preferred those innocent creatures, the puppets, to those wicked players. (Laughter.)

Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, as I have a profound veneration for Mayors and such like (laughter) this sentiment caused me to close the book and to consider how much we should gain if there were no Manager now but Mr. Powell and if there were no Actors now but puppets. (Laughter.) In the first place—and on the immense advantages to be reaped here I have no doubt we shall be all agreed—there would be no Fund, no dinner, no chairman, no speech. (Laughter.) Then on Saturdays there would be no treasury, although I am told that that great point has occasionally been gained even under the existing system, (laughter) there would never be any throwing up of parts, there would never be any colds, there would never be any little jealousies or dissensions ; the two leading ladies might dress for any length of time in the same room without the remotest danger of ever coming to words and the loftiest tragedian that ever was or will be might be doubled up with his legs round his neck and put away in the same box with the reddest-nosed and the most flowered-waistcoated of comic countrymen. (Laughter.) Now these, I considered to myself, were the points to be gained. On the other hand there would be human interest to be lost, there would be the human face to be lost, which after all does stand for a little, and last, not least, there would be that immense amount of comfort and satisfaction to be lost by a large number of well-meaning persons which they constitutionally derive from slightly disparaging those who entertain them. (Cheers and laughter.) This last high moral gratification, this cheap, this complacent self-assertion I felt could not possibly be parted with and therefore I quickly came to the conclusion that we must have those wicked players after all. (Cheers and laughter.) Ladies and Gentlemen, it is an astonishing thing to me, but within my limited range of observation and experience it is, nevertheless, true that there should be and that there is in a part of what we call the world, which certainly is in the main a kind, good-natured, always steadily improving world, this curious propensity to run up a little score against and as it were to be even with those who amuse or beguile them. " That man in the farce last night made me laugh so much," says Portman Square, Esq., at breakfast, " that I hope there may be nothing absolutely wrong about him, but I begin to think this morning there must be." (Laughter.) " My Dear," says Mr. Balham Hill to Mrs. Balham Hill, " I was so profoundly affected at the theatre last night and I felt it so very difficult to repress my sobs when the poor mad King listened in vain for the breathing of his dead daughter, that I really felt it due to myself rather to patronise that gentleman this morning. I felt a kind of compensation to myself to regard him as an extraordinary man, having no recognised business that can be found in the Post Office

Directory. (Laughter.) I feel it necessary to put up with him, as it were, as a kind of unaccountable creature who has no counting-house anywhere ; in short, to bear with him as a sort of marvellous child in a Shakespearean go-cart." (Roars of laughter.) Ladies and Gentlemen, this is quite true in a greater or less degree I think of all artists ; but it is particularly true of the Dramatic Artist and it is so strange to me. Surely it cannot be because he dresses himself up for his part for, as you all know very well, there is an enormous amount of dressing and making-up going on in high stations all around us. I never saw a worse make-up in the poorest country theatre than I can see in the House of Commons any night when there is a message from the House of Lords (laughter) and I assure you, on my veracity, that I have known a Lord High Chancellor at twenty-five shillings a week who in his wig and robes looked the part infinitely better than the real article at fifteen thousand a year. (Much laughter.) Ladies and Gentlemen, I think the secret cannot lie here ; I think the truth is that this little harmless disposition occupies a little quiet, out-of-the-way corner of our nature, and as I think it a little ungracious and a little ungenerous and certainly more so than it is meant to be, I always, whether in public or in private, on principle, steadily oppose myself to it for this reason, which I have endeavoured to explain to you. Although I am now going to urge upon you the case of and am going to entreat your active sympathy with, this General Theatrical Fund on this eighteenth anniversary, you shall hear from me nothing conventional about the

" Poor player
Who struts and frets his hour upon the stage,"

which shall in any way separate him otherwise than favourably from the great community of us poor players, who all strut and fret our little hours upon this stage of life. His work, if he be worth anything to himself or to any other man, is at least as real and as hard to him, or the broker's to him, or the professional man's to him, or the merchant's to him. His Fund is a business Fund and is conducted on sound, business, honourable, independent principles. (Hear, hear.) It is a Fund, as many here already know, for granting annuities to such members as may be disqualified by age, sickness or infirmity from pursuing the Theatrical Profession and also for extending aid to the sick, (I think in some cases even when they are not members) and to the bereaved survivors of the dead. It is a Fund to which members contribute periodically according to certain carefully calculated scales, very often out of very imperfect and very uncertain earnings. It is a Fund which knows no distinction whatever of Theatre and knows no grades whatever of Actors. I have had the honour of being one of its Trustees from the hour of its first establishment (cheers) and I bear testimony with admiration to the extraordinary patience, steadiness and perseverance with which those payments are made. (Cheers.) Therefore, Ladies and Gentlemen, you see that I occupy here the vantage ground of entreating you to help those who do really and truly help themselves, who do not come here to-night for a mere field night and theatrical display, but who, as it were, rise to the surface once in every twelve months to assure you of their constancy and good faith and then burrow down to work again, many of them surrounded by innumerable obstacles, many of them working under great difficulties, and, believe me, with little cheer and encouragement throughout the whole toiling year and in obscurity enough.

Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, in defiance of all these heavy blows and great discouragement in the Actor's life, I fearlessly add these words : if there be any creature here knowing a theatre well who knows any kind of place, no matter what—cathedral, church, chapel,

tabernacle, high cross, market, change—where there is a more sacred bond of charitable brotherhood, where there is a more certain reliance to be placed on sympathy with affliction, where there is a greater generosity in ready giving, where there is a higher and more sacred respect for family ties, where there is habitually a more cheerful, voluntary bearing of burthens on already heavily burthened backs, then let him take his money to that place, to me unknown, and not produce it here. (Cheers.) But if he altogether fails in such knowledge, then let him communicate with Mr. Cullenford (laughter) now sitting expectant at a card-table and let him communicate to Mr. Cullenford something to this Fund's advantage, as he respects all the true saints in the calendar and as he defies and despises all the sham saints out of it. (Cheers and laughter.)

As I have taken upon myself to say what a good corporation the players are among themselves and how cheerily and readily they invariably help one another, I may not unreasonably be asked by an outsider why he should help them. If it were the claims of an individual that I was advocating here in these days, I should be met and very properly met by the question, " What is his case ? What has he done ?" Moreover, as to that agglomeration of individuals, the Theatrical Profession, we are most of us constantly met with a reference to the times when there were better actors and when there was a better stage literature and with a mournful shrugging over the present state of things. Now, accepting the theatrical times exactly as they stand and seeking to make them no better than they are, but always protesting against anybody's seeking to make them worse, the difficulty with me standing before you is not to say what the Actor has done, but to say what he has not done and is not doing every night. (Hear, hear.) I am very fond of the play and herein lies one of the charms of the play to me. For example, when I am in front and when I discharge for the moment all my personal likings and friendships for those behind —when I am in front any night and when I see, say, my friend Mr. Buckstone's eye roll into the middle of the pit with that fine expression in it of a comically suspended opinion which I like so much, how do I know upon whom it alights, or what good it does that man ? Here is some surly, morose creature come into the theatre bent upon the morrow of executing some uncharitable intention and the eye of Mr. Buckstone dives into his right-hand trousers pocket where his angry hand is clenched and opens his hand and mellows it and shakes it in quite a philanthropic manner. I hear a laugh there from my left (from Mr. T. P. Cooke). How do I know how many a lout has been quickened into activity by Mr. T. P. Cooke's hornpipe ? (Cheers.) How do I know on how many a stale face and heart Long Tom Coffin and Nelson's coxswain and Black-Eyed Susan's William, have come healthily dashing, like the spray of the sea ? Over and over again it is my delight to take my place in the theatre next to some grim person who comes in a mere figure of snow, but who gradually softens and mellows until I am almost led to bless the face that creases with satisfaction until it realises Falstaff's wonderful simile of being " like a wet cloak ill laid up." It is a joke in my home that generosity always unmans me, and that I invariably begin to cry whenever anybody on the stage forgives an enemy or gives away a pocket-book. (Laughter.) This is only another and a droller way of experiencing and saying that it is good to be generous and good to be open-handed and that it is a right good thing for society, through its various gradations of stalls, boxes, pit and gallery, when they come together with but one great, beating, responsive heart among them to learn such a truth together. (Cheers.) Depend upon it the very best amongst us are often bad company for ourselves (I know I am very often), and in bringing us out of that and

in keeping us company and in showing us ourselves and our kind in a thousand changing forms of humour and fancy, the Actor, all the solemn humbugs on the earth to the contrary notwithstanding, renders a high and an inestimable service to the community every night of his life. (Hear, hear.) I dare say the feeling peculiar to a theatre is as well known to everybody here as it is to me, of having for an hour or two quite forgotten the real world and of coming out into the street with a kind of wonder that it should be wet and dark and cold and full of jostling people and irreconcilable cabs. (Laughter.) By the remembrance of that delightful dream and waking, by all your remembrance of it from your childhood until now and by the remembrance of that long glorious row of wonderful lamps, and by the remembrance of that great mysterious curtain behind it, and by the remembrance of those enchanted people behind that who are disenchanted every night and go out into the wet and worry, by these things I entreat you not to go out into Great Queen Street by-and-by without saying that you have done something for this fleeting fairyland which has done so much for us. (Loud cheering.) Ladies and Gentlemen, I beg to propose to you "The General Theatrical Fund."

5

Ladies and Gentlemen,

It now becomes me, like a well graced Actor, to retire from the scene and make place for a better graced Actor. I have next to propose to you "The Drama." Looking round the table upon my left to see whom I should call upon to return thanks for that toast, my eye lightened upon the face of a valued and esteemed friend of mine whom I last heard of at a considerable distance, in Nice, and whom I am surprised and gratified to find has graced this board to-night. Allow me to propose "The Drama," and to connect with that toast the respected name of Mr. Alfred Wigan.

6

Ladies and Gentlemen,

I will only assure you on behalf of myself that I am deeply indebted to you, as I always am, for your kind reception and that I am also deeply indebted to my friend on my right (Mr. Edmund Yates) for the kind and feeling terms in which he proposed my health, during which impressive speech my excellent friend Buckstone whispered in my ear that he had often nursed that young man on his knee, (laughter) which I don't believe. (Increased laughter.) As I am on my legs, as the Parliamentary phrase is, I will not be off my legs without proposing to you another toast. "Coming events cast their shadows before," and coming events cast their lights before also, and as we have among us to-night a gentleman highly esteemed in the city and by all who know him who will shortly become Lord Mayor and who has passed through the important preliminary office of Sheriff, (as to which, we were once assured by a Sheriff at this Dinner that he knew of no Actor who had been hanged, (laughter) in reply to which I had the pleasure of informing him that I knew of no Sheriff who had ever been hanged) (increased laughter) I say that as we have among us a gentleman whom we are disposed to make so welcome, I will, if you please, propose his health in connection with the City. Allow me to propose "The City of London and Mr. Alderman Phillips."

7

Ladies and Gentlemen,

You know what the last toast always is; it is "The Ladies," and upon this subject I have a very considerable crow to pick with my

friend Mr. Buckstone, who has taken great credit to himself to-night for a certainly new-mooted idea in abeyance here as to whether ladies should dine at this table. I did enunciate against this Fund the terrific threat ten years ago that if the ladies did not dine here I never would come here again. (Laughter.) Unless next Ash Wednesday's experience satisfies Mr. Buckstone that the ladies ought to dine here, I shall invite the ladies to a General Theatrical Fund Supper-Dinner at the Freemasons' Tavern, on which occasion, if they will do me the honour to allow me to receive them as their Chairman, they will hear something to Mr. Buckstone's disadvantage which he would much rather not hear himself. (Much laughter.) We are always delighted to see the ladies anywhere, but particularly here. I have been delighted myself to see them under all manner of circumstances and I have felt the want of them peculiarly. (Laughter.) Upon a certain occasion some years ago I was acting in Canada with some of our officers, when no ladies were to be found and it was absolutely necessary that young and newly-caught officers should supply their places; upon which occasion, in order that they might acquire something of the feminine walk, it was found absolutely necessary to tie their legs. Upon another occasion I witnessed the representation of "Black-Eyed Susan" at a country theatre, when I was delighted to find the court-martial composed of, I think, eight young ladies with very perceptible back-hair and very perceptible combs, who had put on the conventional notaries' gowns and sat down at a table and represented themselves to the public as midshipmen. Still it was charming to see them, and I never was so delighted in my life to see a real midshipman as I was to see those false midshipmen. (Laughter.) Now I have one other crow to pick with Mr. Buckstone. I particularly object to the arrangement of these tables and I particularly object to it for two reasons. In the first place, when I preside at or when I attend one of these Dinners, I am always in the most tantalising position possible, inasmuch as I always want to look this way (facing the ladies) and I am obliged to look this (facing the gentlemen). Also I never have so painful a sense that my hair is a little going behind. (Laughter.) So that on this occasion—if you will take my word for it—I assure you that I have overheard to-night one or two very distressing expressions upon the subject. (Laughter.) Nay more, Ladies and Gentlemen, although I am always so delighted to see the ladies, I really would rather see them in front of me (laughter) but here, or there, or anywhere, or every where, we are always delighted to see them and let us drink their health

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DICKENS AS SALVAGE

It would be interesting to know exactly how Dickens has fared in the National Book Recovery and Salvage Campaign, or, rather, how he might have fared had not the results of the Ministry of Supply's Book Drives been carefully scrutinised by experts for categorisation into those suitable for Service reading, those for restocking war-damaged libraries, and those for repulping.

It is reliably stated that this scrutiny has resulted in more than one million volumes being saved for the nation's archives. Both Winchester and Eastleigh have presented bound first editions of *Pickwick Papers* to the Dickens Museum at Portsmouth; *Dombey and Son* and *Bleak House* (both in paper parts) were set aside for preservation at Bath; while Camberwell and Tottenham each saved first editions of *Nicholas Nickleby*, Chelsea *Our Mutual Friend*, and Southampton *Little Dorrit*. There were doubtless numerous other similar instances.

L. B. F.

"THE DAVID COPPERFIELD ADVERTISER"

By WALTER DEXTER and KENTLEY BROMHILL

WHENEVER the original serial publication of Dickens's works in monthly instalments is mentioned, there should be some reference to the Advertisements.

In the New Bibliography that has lately appeared in *The Dickensian* there was no need to refer to this matter, as a purchaser of any of Dickens's works in original parts will naturally make sure that the green covers are intact, and that the "Advertiser" dated with the month and year of publication is included with the two illustrations and the 32 pages of letterpress. The "Advertiser" must be regarded as an integral part of each number; the advertisements were printed by the printers of the novel at approximately the same time as the story itself, and the "Advertiser" is always to be found in the front of the number.

But the "Inserts" are always at the end of the number, as these were supplied separately by the persons paying for the privilege of insertion. Often the supply of these "insert" leaflets fell short of the total quantity required to secure their inclusion in every copy that went out, and some numbers were issued without an "Insert." But the presence or absence of any particular "Insert" does not invalidate the claim of that particular number to be a first issue of the first edition, in spite of the dictum of Messrs. Hatton and Cleaver stating what advertisements and "Inserts" should appear in each number before claim can be made that the set is really an authentic first edition. The object of the present article is, however, not to deal with the "Inserts" especially, although a few notes on them will be found further on, but to consider the more official "Advertiser" appearing in the original parts of *David Copperfield*. They will be found on the inside of the front green cover, on the inside and back of the back green cover, and in the "David Copperfield Advertiser" dated with the number, month and year of the part,* and followed by the two Phiz illustrations stitched at the front of the 32 pages of letterpress. The "Inserts" where present are stitched in at the end of the letterpress.

The "Advertiser" varied in size throughout the 19 monthly numbers, from 32 pages in the first number to only four pages in numbers 5, 15, 16 and 17, finishing with 16 pages in the final (double) number. One reason for this fluctuation is that in the summer months all advertising fell off in quantity, and particularly, the autumn and spring were recognized publishing seasons. It may be pointed out that the first number of *David Copperfield* appeared in May, but a new novel by the most popular writer of the day was a special occasion, and publishers, knowing the large demand there would be for such a work, would be anxious to take advantage of reaching as wide a circle of prospective purchasers as possible.

Of the 32 pages in the first "Advertiser," no less than 23 pages were devoted to publishers' announcements, the remaining 9 pages containing nearly 3 pages of Patent Medicines and Toilet Preparations, nearly 2 pages about Clothing, about a page each for Insurance and Stationery, and about half a page each for Papier Mâché, Coffee and Cutlery.

The rates for advertisements in *David Copperfield* have never been traced; but in the second number of *Nicholas Nickleby* (May 1838) the following notice appeared:

* None of the monthly parts of *David Copperfield* has the year of publication—only the month. The year does not appear until the title-page of the complete work is included in the final (double) number.

" Advertisements will be inserted in the month's number of this popular periodical on the following

TERMS

Not exceeding Eight Lines	£0	10	6
Each line beyond Eight	0	1	0
Half a Column	2	2	0
A Column	3	10	0
A Whole Page	6	6	0
Prospectuses, &c., of which 32,000 are required :			
Not exceeding half-a-sheet	5	5	0
A Whole Sheet	6	6	0 "

As the circulation of the monthly numbers of *Copperfield* was " a steady twenty-five thousand," as against a considerably larger sale for *Nicholas Nickleby*, which Kitton put at 50,000, it is probable that no higher prices were charged. Quite probably the advertising rates were more or less stable all through Dickens's works published serially. The art of advertising had not in Dickens's day reached the high standard or the extent of the present time, when the rates would be quite four times as much. But, nowadays, the circulation of a popular novel at one-third of the price of *Copperfield* would exceed 100,000, and the advertisement rates would, if it were a periodical publication, be proportionally higher.

A circulation of 25,000 copies of a Dickens novel may, at first sight, appear low, but when the income from sales of a book at a guinea, is compared with that of a modern novel at, say 7*s.* 6*d.* (a fair pre-war figure) there is not so very much difference. The reading public in 1850 was not so large as in these days, and the price of the complete book was prohibitive except to the moneyed classes. Owing to the plan of issuing shilling monthly instalments the novels reached a much larger circle of readers than would have been otherwise possible.

An examination, however cursory, of the literary advertisements reveals the standard of reading of the middle nineteenth century and also the avidity of the public for books of permanent reference value. And first, we note the restraint and modesty of Dickens's own publishers, Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, whose announcements do not appear till page 9 of the "Advertiser," while page 10 is devoted to " Mr. Charles Dickens," as is also page 17 (facing the writings of " W. M. Thackeray.") G. P. R. James is given an " Esq." in November 1849, and so is Thackeray in the following month. Chapman and Hall's advertisement mentions all Dickens's works up to *Martin Chuzzlewit*, while Bradbury and Evans name the later books, of which they were the publishers. John Murray's page gives the full contents of the " Quarterly Review " (new number) in which there is a review of Macaulay's " History of England."

Of novels and stories, as well as of books on science, literature and art now entirely forgotten, there is a goodly list, but among books that became and remain firmly established, it is interesting to notice a few, all newly published at the time of the advertisement quoted: Ruskin's " The Seven Lamps of Architecture " ; Dr. William Smith's Classical Dictionaries ; John Forster's " Life of Oliver Goldsmith " ; " Shirley," by Currer Bell, author of " Jane Eyre " ; Thackeray's " Pendennis " and Mr. M. A. Titmarsh's New Romaunt of the days of Chivalry " Rebecca and Rowena " ; Ainsworth's " The Tower of London " ; à Beckett's " Comic History of England " ; Leigh Hunt's " The Town " ; Lytton's " The Caxtons " ; and Agnes Strickland's " Lives of the Queens of Scotland." The number for December 1849 has many announcements of books suitable, in the publishers' opinion, for Christmas presents.

As indicative of the times when anything of an entertaining nature must always be blended with instruction (" gilding the philosophic

pill") we find in the first number (May 1849) Sharpe's "London Magazine," an already established favourite, monthly one shilling, "A Journal of Entertainment and Instruction for General Reading." "The Ladies' Companion," weekly 3*d*., published by Bradbury and Evans, commencing in December 1849, with an added leaflet all to itself the following month.

Gardening books must have been extremely popular. There were the "Gardening Magazine" at 2/6 monthly; "Botanic Garden and Fruitist" (what a horrible word), price 1/- or 6*d*. more if printed on large paper; No. 1 of "Paxton's Flower Garden" at 2/6, and "Paxton's Botanical Dictionary," 16/-, were announced in February 1850: at the same time was advertised the first number, also at 2/6, of the "Gardener's Magazine," together with the "Ladies' Flower Garden." This wealth of gardening books may have arisen owing to the preparations for the "Exhibition of the Works of Industry of All Nations, 1851," known to us as the Great Exhibition, in the vast glass building designed by Paxton, then being erected in Hyde Park. A full prospectus of the Exhibition was included as an "Insert" in the number for April 1850.

An interesting announcement appeared in February 1850: "In March next will be published, price twopence, A New Weekly Miscellany of General Literature, Conducted by Mr. Charles Dickens; Designed for the Entertainment and Instruction of all Classes of Readers, and to help in the Discussion of the most Important Social Questions of the Time." The next month this was announced as "Household Words," and thereafter a green slip was included every month giving the contents of the successive parts, culminating in October and November, when each number contained the whole index of the completed Volume I.

But enough has been said about the literary wares of 1849 and 1850, and a few paragraphs must be spared for the "patent-medicines" and toilet preparations which were as popular in their appeal a century ago as they are to-day, although there were not so many of them. There must have been a greater dread of baldness among our grandparents than we have; in every number of the "David Copperfield Advertiser" there is an announcement of "The Gentleman's Real Head of Hair or Invisible Peruke," with an illustration of an amiable-looking gentleman of apparently Oriental or Arab descent, as bald as Mr. Micawber, with directions for self-measurement: these details must be taken "leaving the Ears loose," whatever that may mean. There is no mention of the number of shades of colour in which the Invisible Peruke is supplied, but the advertiser's name is Browne. Another regular advertiser named Eagland undertakes to conceal successfully "Deformities of the Chest and Spine" and supplies two terrifying pictures. Then we have Dr. Locock's French Sarsaparilla and Chamomile and his Antibilious Wafers: our old and new friends Holloway's Pills and Ointment, and Parr's Life Pills, with an ostensible portrait of the old gentleman. The prevalence of chest complaints is signified by Keating's Cough Lozenges and Locock's Pulmonary Wafers. Then we must notice Morison's Pills, the Vegetable Universal Medicine, which emanate from the College of Health in the New Road, now the Euston Road, where a monument to Morison's memory can still be seen.

If you are a pill addict you may listen to the voice of the charmer who cries "No more Pills nor any other Medicine" and recommends Du Barry's "Revalenta Arabica Food" for breakfast: the list of ailments it prevents and cures is imposing, and the long series of genuine testimonials has a very modern look. Perhaps also you might be tempted by Taylor's "Dietetic Cocoa."

Brilliant complexions are assured by the use of Gowland's Lotion, or Hubert's Roseate Powder; there is also Milton's Hair Lubricant as "an exquisite addition to the toilet table."

A reminder of past fashions is the constant appearance of Sangster's advertisement of parasols, shewing a gentleman faultlessly attired accompanying a lady who holds up a parasol from which she obtains no apparent benefit as it lies negligently over her shoulder without shading her head: it is only fair to say that there is no indication of the direction from which the sun is shining.

The inside of the front cover is taken whole in ten of the nineteen numbers by Heal and Son of Tottenham Court Road to draw attention to their stock of furniture, especially their beds, which must have been "out-and-outers to sleep in," as Mr. Roker would say. The whole back page of the cover of all the numbers was secured by Nicoll of Regent Street with a series of views of places abroad in which the firm had a branch or an agent, and stressing the immense scope of their sartorial activities, particularly their speciality—a paletot.

Those enterprising tailors, E. Moses and Son, take the whole of the inside back cover for the full nineteen numbers. Their speciality in advertising was the employment of a tame poet strongly reminding the reader of Mrs. Jarley's Mr. Slum, who provides "a little trifle thrown off in the heat of the moment": he could not have chaffered and bargained as the real Mr. Slum did, but must have been well rewarded for adapting his effusions to current topics. In only six of the nineteen numbers does Moses descend to prose, and even in these the hand of "Slum" is visible. In number viii (December 1849) is a poem shewing that Mr. Slum had read the novel up to date, and the resulting outburst most artistically combines the merits of the novel as well as of the Moses productions. Here it is:

THE PROPER FIELD FOR COPPERFIELD

Where shall we find a proper field
For circulating *Copperfield*?
A clever work like this should find
A place in ev'ry body's mind,
Nor should it fail to have a part
In ev'ry warm admiring heart.
The rising youth should read its page,
Nor should its leaves be hid from age.
It should bedeck the poor man's board
And swell the volumes of my lord.
This volume merits to be read
Wherever MOSES' fame has spread;
Which, like a banner, is unfurl'd
Throughout the habitable world.
If all who favour MOSES' mart
Would join and take a monthly part
The theme of our consideration
Would have a wond'rous circulation.
There's scarce a table in the land
On which its leaves would not expand.
'Tis clear that *that's* the proper field
For circulating *Copperfield*.

As the conjurors of a former day used to say: "Isn't it wonderful?" No matter of surprise that the book was Dickens's own "favourite child."

One curious and ambiguous sentence in the Moses advertisements appears every month in capital letters:

MOURNING TO ANY EXTENT AT FIVE MINUTES' NOTICE.

That surely deserves preservation.

The "Inserts" at the end of the letterpress demand a few sentences.

As was noted before, an " Insert " does not appear in every number, as the supply was not invariably sufficient for the total circulation: they usually were composed of the announcements of a single firm, for instance, Chapman and Hall take eight pages for a list of their publications; in December 1849 Letts's Diaries for 1850 with specimen pages have a whole " Insert " ; Waterlow and Sons have two " Inserts " with their illustrated catalogues; in number 2 is a 12-page list of the " Completion of Charles Knight's Shilling Volumes for All Readers " comprising in all 186 titles; the new " Journal of Design, addressed to Merchants, Manufacturers, Retail Dealers, Designers, and Art Workers " in monthly shilling parts; the works of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall and other publications of G. Virtue, take up eight pages; while in another number John Cassell takes four pages to offer " a prize of £100 in premiums of £10 each for Ten pithy Sketches, Tales or Narratives illustrative of the Trials, Sufferings and Patient Endurances of the Industrial Classes in various trades."

The list must close with a reflection of the change of taste that has taken place in home decoration and furnishing. In the more spacious houses of the past where there might be a small conservatory or more extensive rooms than we now have, it is not surprising to find in the final (double) number of *David Copperfield* an 8-page " Insert " of Cundalls of Old Bond Street giving prominence, in addition to their stationery, to their " Favourite Statuettes in Parian " varying in size and price from groups 24 inches high at £15 15*s*. to mere busts a few inches high at £1 1*s*.

It will have been seen from this short review of the "Advertiser " and the " Inserts " in the serial numbers of the novel that they give a cross-section of the reading public of the period, and it is hoped that the article has been, in the convention of that time, instructive as well as entertaining. The subscribers had quite good reading to keep them amused while waiting for the next instalment of the story.

THE REDDITCH BRANCH

Members of this flourishing Branch are to be congratulated on the standard of maintenance that has been found possible during the war. Under the energetic secretaryship of Mr. Alex. F. Payne, they this season number fifty-nine. Total gifts to charity amounted to £130, which included sixty separate hundredweights of coal to old people for the winter. The high light of the year was the Birthday Party when one hundred and forty members and friends enjoyed a highly successful dinner and dance.

THE BATH BRANCH

The session opened on 4th September with a social gathering at the Pump Room by invitation of our newly-elected President, Miss Grace Caple, during which refreshments were served on the terrace overlooking the old Roman Bath.

On the following Monday the serious business of the season began, with the reading of the opening chapters of *Bleak House*, the series being pleasantly interrupted on 18th September when Mrs. F. J. Giddings read a fascinating paper on " Dickens's Courtships."

During the summer months Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Giddings very kindly placed their charming gardens at Keysham at the disposal of the members, and a series of social gatherings was held there. Mr. F. Mills also arranged a visit to the venerable Bath Abbey and to other places of local interest, where our Life President, Alderman Sturge Cotterell, was again our guide. Mr. Cotterell's knowledge of everything pertaining to Bath is unrivalled and his brief history of the Abbey from the remote days of its foundation was received with wrapt attention.

The attendances at the meetings have so far been large, new members have been enrolled, aad the Branch has never been in a healthier condition than it is to-day.

F. C. D.

OF AND CONCERNING "JARNDYCE *v.* JARNDYCE"

By W. P. WOOLLIAMS

AS one who has earned his livelihood in the law for more years than he cares to remember, the writer naturally feels interested in the great Chancery suit which winds its interminable way through *Bleak House* until near the end of the book, when, within the august precincts of Westminster Hall, the suit comes to an end because the estate with which it was concerned is all spent in costs; a comedy for mere spectators, but a tragedy to those who had waited so long, and with such great expectations, for the "day of judgement."

The opening chapter of *Bleak House* lands us at once in the midst of the Chancery suit, for the masterly description of the great fog with which it opens is intended as an allegory of the fog in the Chancery proceedings of that day. Then, without any more ado, we are taken to the Old Hall of Lincoln's Inn where the Lord Chancellor is sitting on one of the numerous occasions when matters come up to him for decision during the course of the case.

A question which might here be justifiably asked is: Was this atrocious case such a thing as might very well have happened in the past, or was it merely a figment of Dickens's vivid imagination? Well, the novelist has drawn on his imagination for such details of the suit as appear in the book, but we may take his presentation of it as in essence true, *i.e.*, in regard to the scandalous waste and mismanagement of the large estate which was being administered under the supervision of the Court, and its effect on those concerned as litigants in the suit. Dickens's indictment was not intended to apply to a particular case but to a system; and that his indictment of this system was justified appears to be beyond all doubt; therefore errors in such details of the case of "Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce" as he gives us, do not matter.

The late Augustine Birrell, K.C., Chancery lawyer, statesman and man of letters, gave, in his pungent way, a striking tribute to Dickens for his exposure of legal abuses in one of his delightful essays, in which he indulges in some historical reminiscences. "In 1837," he says, "Queen Victoria came to the throne. The Court of Chancery then existed. If you want to know what the Court of Chancery was like, read *Bleak House* by Charles Dickens. Doctors' Commons then existed. If you want to know what Doctors' Commons was like, read *David Copperfield* by Charles Dickens. . . . If you want to know what a debtors' jail was like, read *Little Dorrit* by Charles Dickens. [He might also have included *The Pickwick Papers*.] And if anyone tells you that Dickens exaggerates, tell him, with my compliments, he is, in parliamentary language, an ignoramus, and in plain English, a fool."

As we know, Doctors' Commons has long since ceased to exist, and imprisonment for debt (as such) has been abolished. Also there has been a vast improvement in Chancery practice and procedure. As a matter of fact the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice is far more up-to-date with its work than either of the other Divisions; and though when a case is referred to a Chancery Master for "Accounts and Enquiries" it may take a considerable time before they are disposed of, depending upon their complexity, nevertheless the delay is small compared with what it was in the "bad old days" before the passing of the Judicature Act of 1873, to which Augustine Birrell assigns much of the credit for the great improvement in legal administration which has taken place since Dickens's days. And some share of the credit should be given to Dickens for showing the need of these reforms.

Mr. T. W. Hill has reminded us in his "Notes to *Bleak House*"

that Percy Fitzgerald stated in "Bozland" that the original of "Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce" was a case of "*re* Jennings" which pursued its ruinous course in the Court of Chancery for several decades. That may have been so; but the actual facts of the two cases do not appear to have much in common, so far as we are made aware of them.

A former friend of mine, long since dead, a Chancery clerk for many years in a very old and important firm of Solicitors, told me that the original of Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce was a case in their office. I expect the records, if still in existence, of more than one old firm of Solicitors would disclose similar cases. The only point I wish to make in these references is that there is no doubt that such cases as Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce, in its results, actually happened. I can recollect a Chancery suit which was being carried on in the Solicitors' office which I entered many years ago, and which, although it did not have the ruinous results of Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce, resembled it in one respect at any rate, viz., the length of time the estate with which it was concerned remained "in Chancery." This suit had been in existence for very many years before I became acquainted with it and lasted for a number of years afterwards. The estate, a very wealthy one, was being administered by the Court during the whole of that time awaiting the death of a "life-tenant" who was entitled to the "rents and profits" of part of the estate during her life. As is often the way with life-tenants, she lived to be very old, and did not die until she was over ninety, if I recollect rightly. After her death, some points arising on the Testator's Will were "construed" by the Court, the suit came to an end, and the estate was released from administration in Chancery, much to the loss of certain deserving Counsel and firms of Solicitors.

Now this case not only shows how long a Chancery suit may remain in being, but indicates two of the many functions of the Chancery Judges; one, the constructions of Wills, of which the meaning is in doubt or partly in doubt, and the other, to order the administration of estates to take place under the supervision of the Court where for some reason or other it is considered desirable.

The estate with which Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce was concerned was certainly being administered in Chancery. The first explicit reference to the facts of the case are contained in Chapter 8, when Mr. Jarndyce, in talking to Esther Summerson, says: "It's about a Will and the Trusts under a Will—or it was once. It's about nothing but Costs now."

It is a pity Dickens did not leave it at that; it would have simplified matters greatly. We have to wait until Chapter 37 before we get any further reference to the facts, or rather the details, of the case, and now the Will to which Mr. Jarndyce referred has grown to two Wills at least. Richard Carstone, in an endeavour to justify his unworthy behaviour towards his benefactor Mr. Jarndyce, says: "The fact is, our roads are not the same. Under one of the Wills in dispute, I should take much more than he. I don't mean to say that it is the one to be established; but there it is, and it has its chance."

Richard Carstone, in spite of his legal studies, "slips up" rather badly here. To "establish" a Will is the province of a Probate Judge, not of a Chancery one. Where a Will is contested on the ground that it was not duly executed in accordance with the Wills Act or that the testator was not of "sound mind, memory and understanding" when he made it, it comes before a Probate Court, and if the Judge decides that it is a valid Will, it is said to be "established" and Probate will be granted of it. Until a Will has been "probated" (to use Sam Weller's apt expression) it cannot come before a Chancery Judge for construction, for unless a Will is valid there can be no object in construing it, even if the Judge would do so.

Legally speaking, there can be but one Will of a testator, although

it can be in more than one document, and if there is any divergence between two documents admitted to Probate, then it is for a Chancery judge to resolve the difference. It is possible, under rare circumstances, for two Wills to be admitted to Probate, subject to construction by the Court, as in such a case is almost sure to be necessary, and we might be prepared to assume that that was so here. Unfortunately, that way out of the difficulty will not do, for, later in the book, we learn that there are not merely two but several Wills involved in the case, as Mr. Vholes, Richard Carstone's solicitor, in discussing his client's prospects with Esther Summerson, says: "Mr. C. takes certain interest under certain Wills disputed in the suit." How there can be several Wills before the Court of Chancery I do not know. There may be a Will with several Codicils, but that is a different matter.

However, to "make confusion worse confounded," at the last moment still another Will is found; and in the decomposed Mr. Krook's Rag and Bottle Warehouse of all places! Coincidence is an essential ingredient in the art of fiction; the novelist could not get on without it it; but the long arm of coincidence can never have been stretched farther than in this incident. We are not told how long it is since the original Jarndyce, the testator, died, but apparently it must have been at least 50 years before the finding of this Will. (See as to this the paragraph in Chapter 1 commencing "Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce drones on.") And for the testator's absolutely last Will and Testament to turn up after all that length of time in Mr. Krook's evil-smelling shop! Well! Well! Miracles will happen!

However, there it is: this Will is found, and it appears to be in perfect order. Mr. Kenge, Mr. Jarndyce's lawyer, says that "it is a perfect instrument." That being so, it was a bombshell calculated to blow into pieces the hoary old Chancery suit (that "Monument of Chancery Practice" as the highly respectable Mr. Kenge calls it); for if the Will was a valid one, and expressly or impliedly revoked all previous ones, then all the alleged Wills to which Mr. Vholes referred would be null and void; and apparently the only thing which would call for the attention of the Court would be to find out who were entitled to the gifts in the Will made to legatees who had died during the course of these long-drawn-out proceedings.

Personally, I cannot understand why this new Will was introduced. It served no other purpose than to raise the feverish hopes of poor Richard Carstone, only to find them utterly shattered by the discovery for all the estate had been spent on costs. A trenchant illustration of the sad results of the "law's delay" is the deterioration in character and early death of Richard Carstone, who, when we first make his acquaintance, was such a bright and promising youth. Had the case been decided then, it might have made all the difference to his career, even though he had found nothing was to come to him from the testator's estate.

To some readers of *Bleak House* it may appear an inconsistency that the various applications to the Lord Chancellor should take place sometimes at Lincoln's Inn Old Hall and sometimes at Westminster Hall, but there was nothing to prevent him sitting at either place according to which might be convenient.

The Old Hall of Lincoln's Inn could, I think, only have been occasionally used as a Court of Law. It was not, of course, built for that purpose, and was the "Common Room" where the benchers and members of Lincoln's Inn met, until the present fine building fronting the East side of Lincoln's Inn Fields was erected. Immediately adjoining the Old Hall, however, were, as I have been informed, two permanent Courts used by Chancery Judges, which have long since been pulled down. If you enter Lincoln's Inn by the picturesque old gateway in Chancery Lane, you will see immediately in front of you

a plot of grass surrounded by a low stone coping. It was on this site, as I was told by a very old barrister's clerk who actually remembered them, that these two Courts stood.

There were, in fact, four permanent Courts for the hearing of Chancery causes prior to the opening of the present Law Courts in the Strand, all adjacent to Chancery Lane, and each was the sanctum of one of the Vice Chancellors, as the Chancery Judges were formerly called, the name showing their relation to the Lord Chancellor, who, among his other functions, presided over the Court of Chancery. The Vice-Chancellors, as such, have long since been abolished and their places taken by the Judges of "the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice."

As far as I am aware, the Lord Chancellor has not sat as a Chancery Judge since the present Law Courts were opened. In view of the multifarious nature of his duties it is difficult to know how he ever found time to do so.

Now, although there are some errors of detail in the account of the great Chancery suit as given in *Bleak House*, yet, as I have already said, these do not affect Dickens's indictment of the Chancery proceedings of his day. Neither do they affect the importance of this case to the unfolding of the story, for all the various strains of separate narrative involved in it are bound together by their connection, to a greater or lesser degree, with the famous case of Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce.

GRANT'S TOWER

ANOTHER LANDMARK DISAPPEARS

Grant's Tower, Ramsbottom

On September 21st last a farmer of Walmersley near Bury in Lancashire, proceeding homewards, was passing about a hundred yards from Grant's Tower, when he saw it topple and fall with a terrific crash. Thus disappears a memorial of considerable interest to Dickensians.

The tower, which, in the early days of the war, was used as a Home Guard post, was built in 1828 by William and Daniel Grant, the prototypes of the Cheeryble Brothers in *Nicholas Nickleby*, and we have it on the authority of William Grant himself that it marked the very spot from which the family, migrating in 1783 from Elchies in Elginshire, first viewed the Irwell Valley near Ramsbottom, which was to become their home and the scene of their remarkably successful business ventures.

The story has been previously told in *The Dickensian* (1930, p. 142) of the connection between the Grants and the Cheerybles.

The Tower is the second landmark associated with the famous brothers to disappear since that article appeared, for their town residence in Mosley Street, Manchester, was destroyed by enemy action in December, 1940.

F. R. D.

Note.—The disappearance of the Grant Tower gave rise to comment and correspondence on the Grants and the Cheerybles in "The Manchester Guardian," but no details emerged other than those already published in *The Dickensian* and in the books of W. Hume Elliott.—Editor.

NOTES ON *THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD*

By T. W. HILL

(*Continued from page* 204, *volume xl*)

Chapter XI

1. OLD BOURNE, LONG SINCE DRY. This false derivation is not uncommon. The word Holborn (the lower course of the Fleet river) is a corruption of Hole Bourne (Domesday Book) meaning "the brook running in a hollow or valley." Far from being "long since dry," there is a considerable flow of water in the culvert through which the stream discharges into the Thames close to Blackfriars bridge.

2. STAPLE INN. See Note 4, below.

3. COTTON IN HIS EARS. Dickens often uses cotton for cotton-wool.

4. LITTLE HALL. Staple Inn was one of the nine Inns of Chancery, and has a little Hall built in 1581, with an open timber roof in which there is a lantern. The appearance of the garden of the Inn, described in the text as "a few feet of garden mould and a few yards of gravel," has been much improved by the Prudential Assurance Company, who purchased the Inn in 1886, and the two courtyards now form a delightful and restful contrast to the noisy bustle of the Holborn traffic. The Inn was severely damaged by a German flying-bomb in August, 1944.

5. OBSTRUCTIVE PURPOSES. Dickens never missed an opportunity of expressing contempt or loathing for the law's delays and divagations.

6. NO NEIGHBOURING ARCHITECTURE. In Mr. Grewgious's time Staple Inn was about the same height as the surrounding buildings, but now it has been overshadowed by the huge pile of the Patent Office, opened in 1855 (re-built 1895).

7. P.J.T.1747. Mr. Grewgious, as well as Dickens, made random and amusing guesses at the meaning of this mysterious inscription as applicable to the hospitality extended to Edwin and Bazzard. Apparently neither of them knew that it reproduces the initials and date of one of the Presidents of the Inn: Principal John Thompson, 1747. Almost destroyed by a flying-bomb, August, 1944.

8. CONVEY THE WISE IT CALL. This remark is Pistol's ("Merry Wives of Windsor," Act I, Sc. 3), "*Steal*, foh! a fico for the phrase." There is an obvious play on the word, but there may be a sly double meaning in "to draw deeds."

9. NO. COY CONVEYANCING. The two paragraphs beginning with these words are among the best that Dickens ever wrote. Full of apt and unstrained metaphor, each sentence runs easily and without a redundant word; each phrase conveys its exact meaning in as few words as possible. The whole is a model of literary composition at its finest.

10. DRY VINE AND FIGTREE. A reference to "Judah and Israel dwelt safely. every man under his vine and under his figtree" (1 Kings, iv, 25), only, of course, the vine must be dry to suit the angular Mr. Grewgious.

11. OCCASIONAL ROUND TABLE. These mahogany round tables supported on a central pillar with three feet ending in lions' claws on castors, may still be seen in old-fashioned homes, covered with a chenille cloth and displaying the family Bible and the family album and sometimes a trophy of artificial flowers or fruit under a glass shade. Called "occasional" as they can be folded up and wheeled to one side of the room when not required, as indicated in the text.

12. HOTEL IN FURNIVAL'S INN. This hotel was Wood's, and Dickens knew it well, as he had been a resident in the Inn in 1835-37. It disappeared when the Inn was demolished in 1895, and the site is now occupied by the head office of the Prudential Assurance Company. Furnival's Inn was one of the Inns of Chancery, but ceased to exist as a community about 1817.

13. FABULOUS FAMILIAR. The familiar demon or spirit always with one, whispering, hinting and urging. No action was ever undertaken without a supposititious consultation with the Familiar.

14. BALEFUL TREE OF JAVA. The myth that the Upas tree (*Antiaris toxicaria*) so poisoned the air and the soil round it that nothing would grow, arose about two hundred years ago, but the sterility was found to be due to

volcanic gases from the soil in a certain Javanese valley where the Upas grows. The tree can be cultivated quite successfully in English hot-houses without deleterious effects: its bark yields a poisonous gum used by the natives of Java on their arrow-heads.

15. "MR. DROOD," SAID BAZZARD. The staccato style of this conversation recalls the way in which Newman Noggs talked to Ralph Nickleby (*Nicholas Nickleby*, Chapter II):

> "My watch has stopped," said Mr. Nickleby, "I don't know from what cause."
>
> "Not wound up," said Noggs.
>
> "Yes, it is," said Mr. Nickleby.
>
> "Over-wound, then," rejoined Noggs.
>
> "That can't very well be," observed Mr. Nickleby.
>
> "Must be," said Noggs.
>
> "Well," said Mr. Nickleby, "perhaps it is."

16. SOUP, MADE-DISH .... Quite a little banquet, although there is no mention of vegetables or sweet-course. A made-dish (what we should call an entrée) is a composite preparation of small pieces. Sailors use the expression "made-mast" for a mast or spar not all of one piece of timber.

17. COLLECTED HIS SKIRTS. It was a common habit for a man, especially if he had "his shoulder-blades against the chimney piece," to gather the skirts of his frock-coat over his arms while talking; it also prevented his coat from being scorched.

18. CIRCUMLOCUTION DEPARTMENT. This name, bestowed by Dickens on Government Departments in *Little Dorrit* fifteen years previously, had passed almost at once into common speech, so he was quite justified in resuscitating it.

19. DOCTOR KITCHENER. William Kitchiner, M.D. (1775-1835), author of "The Cook's Oracle." Thomas Hood wrote two Odes to him, purposely mis-spelling his name Kitchener, and Dickens perpetuated the mis-spelling. His popularity is also reflected by this allusion in the Ingoldsby Legends (Vol. II), 1841, by R. H. Barham:

> "Is it Paris or Kitchener, reader, exhorts
> You, whenever your stomach's at all out of sorts,
> To try, if you find richer viands won't stop in it,
> A basin of good mutton broth with a chop in it?"
>
> "The Bagman's Dog."

"Enquire within upon Everything" (1899) calls him, affectionately, "Old Doctor Kitchiner." Here are his two seasonings or appetisers: (1) *Kitchiner's Essence of Capsicum*; digest one ounce of cayenne in one pint of rectified spirits of wine or brandy; and (2) *Kitchiner's Essence of Ginger*: three parts grated ginger, two parts grated fresh lemon-peel, fifteen parts rectified spirits of wine, fifteen parts water, digest together for a fortnight and then strain off the clear liquid. It is for the reader to decide which of these two preparations would give the greater zest to a meal.

20. HARVEY. Peter Harvey, an innkeeper, compounded a special sauce for the travellers who used his inn, and they dubbed it "Harvey's Sauce." In 1776 Peter gave the recipe as a wedding-present to his sister Elizabeth when she married Mr. Lazenby, the head of a firm of London grocers. On her husband's death in 1807, Elizabeth inherited the business and carried it on under her own name, and giving up the wholesale grocery part, devoted her energies to sauces, pickles, etc. Long after her death the concern became a limited company, and was finally acquired by Messrs. Crosse and Blackwell, Ltd., who kindly furnished these details.

21. MACBETH'S LEG. An allusion to the manner in which most actors appear to hesitate as they tiptoe off the stage to assassinate Duncan.

> "Hear not my steps which way they walk, for fear
> The very stones prate of my whereabouts."
>
> Act II, Scene 1.

22. RUBY, STRAW-COLOURED AND GOLDEN DRINKS. Mr. Grewgious, like that other bachelor lawyer Mr. Tulkinghorn in *Bleak House*, was inclined to be a little self-indulgent, and evidently kept a good cellar at his chambers.

23. THORN OF ANXIETY. This expression for Bazzard's anxieties of authorship becomes in Chapter XX the title of the rejected play and is invested with capital letters.

24. HAZARD THE GUESS. This modern common expression is not new although its form has altered. In the " Monthly Review " of 1758 it appears as : " If one may be allowed to hazard a conjecture," and in 1816 S. T. Coleridge, in his Lay sermons, writes : " This justifies me in hazarding the bold assertion."

25. SOME QUEER JOSS. A Joss is the penate or household god in a Chinese dwelling. Usually a seated figure with its hands folded across its lap in an attitude of reverie or profound reflection. The word is a Chinese pidgin-English corruption of the Portuguese *deos*, God.

26. IN THE COFFEE INTEREST. It seems a pity that after so good a dinner as Mr. Grewgious had provided, the waiter should have been so late in suggesting coffee that Edwin and Bazzard could not stay.

CHAPTER XII

1. FETCH. A person's wraith or *alter ego*.

2. PICKING UP THE BALL. This well-known simile from the playing-field is used by Dickens with equally good effect in *David Copperfield*, Chapter XVII, where young David in his innocence is " pumped dry " by Uriah and Mrs. Heep : " Uriah threw the ball to Mrs. Heep ; Mrs. Heep caught it and threw it back to Uriah ; Uriah kept it up a little while and sent it back to Mrs. Heep, and so they went on tossing it about."

3. MR. JARSPER. In Chapter V Durdles always addresses him as Mr. Jasper.

4. UP AND DOWN HIS LITTLE LADDER. When the street lamp-standards were fitted to burn oil or gas, the lamplighter carried with him a little light ladder which he rested on a projecting arm on the lamp-post.

5. TWO OR THREE HOURS. A rather long time to be practising the baritone or bass part (Jasper has a deep voice—see Chapter II) of choir music ; it would scarcely have been chanting, but it might have been an anthem or even a " set service " ; even so it seems a long and tiring practice.

6. DANCE OF DEATH. The Dance of Death arose from a medieval Morality Play on the subject of Death's inevitability. The best known series of pictures is that by Hans Holbein in 1538—fifty-three sketches applying the subject to almost every walk in life.

7. CLEANING HIMSELF. Durdles's ablution, aided by a bottle, a jug and a tumbler, recalls one of Dickens's antipathies. In *Pickwick Papers*, Chapter XX, the man with the mosaic studs at the Magpie and Stump observed : " It's board and lodging to me, is smoke." Mr. Pickwick glanced at him and thought that if it were washing too, it would be all the better.

8. PAUSES IN HIS MUNCHING. How long did Durdles retain the unmasticated " something " in his cheek ? Canon Crisparkle and Neville walked up and down the length of Minor Canon Corner, including a halt for a little while before disappearing, " then Durdles bolts the something as if desperately resigning himself to indigestion."

Is it worth while enquiring why the Minor Canon and Neville walked up and down outside Crisparkle's house when, presumably, they could have had a confidential chat in Neville's own room indoors ?

9. GROINED WINDOWS, BARE OF GLASS. The windows of the crypt at Rochester Cathedral are now properly glazed. See Chap V., Note 5.

10. LEVEL LOW-ARCHED GALLERIES. This is the triforium, " whence they can look down into the moonlit nave."

11. CALENTURE. A kind of heat-stroke in hot climates giving rise to delirious fancies, and hence sometimes applied to a desire to leap from a height, as from a ship's deck into the sea or from a high tower or a cliff.

12. FORTY WINKS. This common term for a short nap comes from a time when counting among the uneducated was uncertain and forty meant an indefinite number, a few. Winks implies that the eyes refuse to keep open and therefore wink a few times (say forty) before the sleeper " drops off."

CHAPTER XIII

1. STEEL DROPS. The old-fashioned name for Bichloride of Iron, prescribed by doctors as a tonic.

2. CAPITAL. Evidently the bedrooms at the Nuns' House were kept extremely tidy, if the presence of boxes was ordinarily so heinous and criminal an offence as to merit the severe penalty of capital punishment (beheading). Figurative, of course.

3. LARGESS. The writer, in 1897, on the Norfolk Broads, heard the children running along the river bank call " Largesse, largesse " to the trippers in an excursion steamer.

4. THE DAWN IS OVERCAST. These are the opening words of " Cato " (1713), the " impressive " tragedy by Joseph Addison.

5. SPARTAN GENERAL . . . AT THE BATTLE. Probably an allusion to Leonidas, the King of Sparta, who, at the battle of Thermopylæ (480 B.C.) replied to the demand of Xerxes that his troops should lay down their arms : " Let him come and take them."

6. SISTER ROSA, SISTER ROSA. Dickens had not forgotten his Bluebeard : " Sister Anne, sister Anne, what do you see from the tower ? "

7. THE UNLIKELIEST OF MEN. That is Grewgious, the angular, the bachelor, the unsentimental. See Chapter XI.

CHAPTER XIV

1. MOIST SUGAR. Moist sugar used to be the name of the smallest grains from the bags of sugar before the molasses remained behind. Now it is tiny crystals not larger than grains of sand, and is known in the trade as " pieces." It feels moist to the touch but is not really damp, only sticky.

2. REFLECTIVE MIND OF THE EMPEROR OF CHINA. A pleasant satire on the placards invariably displayed outside Waxworks, Circuses, and similar shows : " As performed before the Crowned Heads of Europe, the Emperor of Morocco, and the Nobility and Gentry."

3. IRONWOOD. Several of the hard and heavy woods, such as ebony, hickory, lignum vitæ, etc., are commonly called ironwood. The use of the word here is no doubt figurative.

4. CLOCK CHIMING THE QUARTER. It must have been a quarter past five ; the four o'clock cathedral service was over and the dinner-hour was 5.30 p.m.

5. LOOKING FOR A NEEDLE IN A HAY-STACK. The original form of this saying for a fruitless search is : " Looking for a needle in a bottle (i.e., bundle) of hay."

6. BRASS FARDEN. Farden is a cockney corruption of farthing. King James II debased the coinage by issuing brass, instead of copper, pence, halfpence and farthings. So a brass farden is the lowest level of something, practically valueless.

7. HEARTS INCLINED TO KEEP THIS LAW. This petition occurs in the service of Holy Communion, and is repeated after each Commandment. It would not be sung at Vespers (which is the ordinary Evening Prayer). And, supposing that it had been, Jasper must indeed have " astonished his fellows " if his " melodious power " made the bass or baritone part unduly prominent. And yet Canon Crisparkle, a Minor Canon, and a musical man, thought it was " Beautiful ! Delightful ! " He did not add : " but most inartistic and unbalanced."

CHAPTER XV.

1. TILTED WAGON. The original of this inn is not known with certainty ; it is probably an instance of Dickens's practice of taking the details of one place and using them elsewhere. W. L. Gadd suggests, with much cogent reasoning, the Upper Bell (no longer an inn) at Blue Bell Hill, about six miles from Rochester (see *The Dickensian*, 1929, page 188). A tilted waggon is one with a tilt or canvas covering ; a capital example of a cart with a tilt can be seen in Richard Doyle's illustration at the beginning of *The Cricket on the Hearth*.

2. PUT BACK TWENTY TIMES. A pardonable exaggeration on the part of Mrs. Tope, who is naturally perturbed and disappointed at the delay in Jasper's meal-time and its effect on her cookery.

3. AIRY TONGUES. This is a quotation from Milton's Comus (1634) :

> " A thousand fantasies
> Begin to throng into my memory,
> Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
> And airy tongues, that syllable men's names
> On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses."

4. WEIR WAS FULL TWO MILES. The weir nearest to Rochester is at Allington, seven miles away. See Introduction. Edwin Harris says there

was anciently a penstock in the Medway above the Esplanade in front of the castle, but this seems far-fetched, as Canon Crisparkle would hardly be able to distinguish entangled in its timber such shall articles as a watch and chain.

5. GREATEST DANGER TO THE SMALLEST NUMBER. This is just the kind of ingenious perversion that might be expected from a bully like Honeythunder of the well-known apophthegm made famous by Jeremy Bentham (1748-1832). "Priestley was the first (unless it was Beccaria) who taught my lips to pronounce this sacred truth—that the greatest happiness of the greatest number is the foundation of morals and legislation." (Works, Vol. X.) The phrase was coined by Joseph Priestley (1733-1804) from a sentence in an essay by the Marchesa Beccaria (1738-1794).

6. CHALLENGED BY THE JEWELLER. Challenged implies some dispute or disagreement as to the authenticity of the watch. As nothing like this appears from the context, "recognized" or "identified" would probably be better, as the jeweller remembered winding and setting the watch.

CHAPTER XVII

1. PHRENOLOGICAL FORMATION. The organ of Combativeness is shewn on phrenological charts as just behind the ear.

2. NOBLE ART OF FISTICUFFS. Dickens shews an excellent knowledge of the terminology at that time current in Boxing. Here is the list of terms from a couple of pages in this chapter: pitch into; ready for a turn-up; novice; The Fancy; little mill; backing the Heavy-weight; speech-making hit; rounds; platform tactics; in very bad training; much too fleshy; superabundance of suet pudding; bore to the ropes; hit him anywhere and anyhow; gouge him and maul him; make short work of you; pounding him; little lively affair; trimmed his jacket pretty handsomely.

3. FROSTY-FACED FOGO. All attempts to find the original of Fogo have failed, and the reason for his sobriquet can only be guessed; the editor of "The Sporting Life" writes: "We cannot trace the character named in any of our old records of the Ring." It may be added that in reading the proof Dickens struck this sentence out, but that Forster restored it before publication.

4. NECESSITY AND TRIBULATION . . . DESOLATE AND OPPRESSED. An instance of Dickens's effective use of quotation from the Book of Common Prayer; these phrases occur in the Litany.

5. STUDY . . . THE LAW, SPECIALLY. This may have been intended to have some bearing on the future development of the plot of the story; or, perhaps Canon Crisparkle thought that to study law would provide a sedative antidote to Neville's excitable nature.

6. UNFINISHED . . . RAILWAY STATION. See "Drood Time in Cloisterham," *Dickensian*, 1944, p. 115.

7. I BEG PARDON, THE BEANS. It was midnight; how did Tartar and Neville recognise each other on the staircase?

8. ALOFT WITH A WHOLE WATCH. In nautical language, a watch is that portion of a ship's company which is on duty, *i.e.*, on the watch or alert.

9. NEVILLE'S CHAMBERS UNDER HIS EYE. It was by now some considerable time past midnight; Grewgious was up late.

CHAPTER XVIII

1. NEWFOUNDLAND DOG. The lack of a comma after "might shake his" makes nonsense of this sentence. Who ever heard of a Newfoundland dog sitting down to dinner?

2. WAITER'S DIRECTIONS. Surely this sentence should read: "the waiter's directions *not* being fatally precise"; otherwise why should Datchery become bewildered? Unless Dickens wishes to convey the often-times inaccuracy of "fatally precise" directions.

3. FRAGMENT OF BURIAL GROUND. This is one of the minor unlikenesses between Cloisterham and Rochester. The fragment of burial ground near the Cathedral tower is not "tother side of the kin-freederal, and over the crossings and round ever so many corners" from Jasper's Gateway. It is indeed only a few yards.

4. HIDEOUS SMALL BOY. Datchery had only just finished dinner, say 6.30 or 7 o'clock; too early for Deputy to be out, as in Chapter V he says he "comes out for his 'elth after the Travellers are all a-bed."

5. MAKING A LEG. The equivalent in a male to the curtsy of a female. But it would not be expected from a man of Datchery's assumed social position, being usually adopted by those of a lower status. A few paragraphs later Datchery more correctly makes "a low bow."

6. SECRETS OF THE PRISON HOUSE. One of the many of Mr. Sapsea's appropriations of other people's sayings. This one is from Hamlet:

> "But that I am forbid
> To tell the secrets of my prison house
> I could a tale unfold." Act I, Sc. 4.

Like Sir Charles Grandison, Sapsea was never so original as when he was making a quotation.

7. ONE OF OUR SMALL LIONS. Lion is a term for a special object of interest, dating from the time when a royal menagerie was kept in the Tower of London; "seeing the lions" was more attractive to visitors than the inspection of the famous fortress itself with its tragic memories. The menagerie was moved to Regents Park in 1835.

8. MISTER SAPSEA IS HIS NAME. An adaptation of one of the numerous traditional book-rhymes or fly-leaf inscriptions with which school-children disfigured their books. The original of this one runs:

> "—— —— is my name;
> And England is my nation;
> —— ——is my dwelling-place,
> And Christ is my salvation."

CHAPTER XIX

1. IN GRATEFUL SHADE. If Cloisterham is really Rochester here is another little discrepancy. High Street runs due North-west and South-east, and in July the sun is too high for the houses on the north-east to stand in a grateful shade. A photograph of the Nuns' House in the afternoon of a summer's day, reproduced in *The Dickensian*, 1930, page 21, shews that the Nuns's House is bathed in sunlight.

CHAPTER XX

1. CORNER FROM WHICH THE OMNIBUS STARTS. This was at the foot of Star Hill, Rochester, close to the end of what is now the Maidstone Road, formerly known as Crow Lane.

2. CHAPEL BELLS. Why chapel bells in London should be ringing between 9.45 and 10 p.m. is not stated.

3. JINGLING CONVEYANCE. Rosa must have had a hansom-cab, as it was customary for them to have bells on the horse's harness.

4. CONFOUND HIS POLITICS. "Thee" must refer to Rosa; perhaps the capital T is to give it emphasis.

5. TEA FROM FURNIVAL'S INN. Grewgious, an old bachelor, evidently had not the facilities for making even a cup of tea, although he had so good a wine cellar; see Chapter XI, Note 22.

CHAPTER XXI

1. VERY FIRST TRAIN. Canon Crisparkle must have caught an omnibus not later than 5 o'clock to catch the first train (7.35) from Maidstone Road, so it must be presumed that that Muscular Christian had to forgo his dip in the river and his sparring at himself in the pier-glass; he probably had to have a glass of Constantia and a biscuit instead of a proper breakfast.

2. PUT HER HAT ON. See "Drood Time in Cloisterham," *Dickensian*, 1944, p. 113.

CHAPTER XXII

1. SPICK AND SPAN. This traditional expression for as bright and fresh as if newly-made is very old. Originally it was span-new, the form in which it was used by Havelok (1300): "And bouthe him clothes al spannewe." Later spick was added and Johnson's Dictionary says that it was first applied to newly woven cloth and spikes (hooks) of the loom, just taken off the spanners (stretchers).

2. SOUTHAMPTON STREET. Bloomsbury is still the principal centre of the boarding-house and private-hotel world, although in recent years a few

office-suites and literary and scientific societies have " established a bridge-head " in the district.

3. JISTES. Anglicé, joists. Also nothink, somethink, consequent(ly), trapse, pint (point), dripping sop, riff-raff, 'ily, obleeged, 'ouse, informiation, 'int, wacant. These and other gems of English defiled come from the mouth of a lady who had been educated at a very genteel boarding-school ! It seems probable that the falling-off from genteel boarding-school standard must have been due to the " poorness of blood " that " flowed from the table " and had run through the Billickin's system. In any case it is interesting to compare her diction with the polish of Durdles's speech noticed in Chapter V, Note 3.

4. TEMPLE STAIRS. Since the construction of the Victoria Embankment in 1864-70, the Temple Stairs, which were of wood, have been replaced by a fine double flight of granite steps. But no private boats are moored there now.

5. GREENHITHE. Some private yachts may still be seen occasionally, lying off Greenhithe near Gravesend, but with the expansion of sea-going traffic and the establishment of the docks at Tilbury, yacht-owners have now gone further downstream.

6. NO MATTER-OF-FACT IDENTIFICATION. Perhaps not, but Luke Fildes's picture shews that, as the picture must have been passed by Dickens, the little expedition reached Putney, six and a half miles above the Temple. The old timber Putney bridge was demolished in 1886 and replaced by one of stone ; the church tower is that of Fulham parish church.

7. AMONG OSIER BEDS. Now that the river has been embanked practically all the way it would be difficult to find any osier beds between London and Putney.

8. TWO-AND-SIXPENCE. With a shilling gratuity to the cabman this does not seem too high a fare from London Bridge station to Bloomsbury. Incidentally it helps to identify the " unfinished and undeveloped railway station." It would have been both interesting and amusing to be told how Miss Twinkleton managed, with seventeen trunks and packages, to get into the omnibus at Cloisterham, and how she managed the change from omnibus to train at Maidstone Road.

CHAPTER XXIII

1. HYBRID HOTEL. There were, one hundred years ago, and are still, several little squares behind Aldersgate Street both to the east and to the west, but the little hybrid hotel would be difficult to find, let alone to identify, in modern days, even if its name had been given, as the district has been largely transformed by the requirements of business premises. It should be added that the district suffered much damage during the Battle of Britain, 1940-41.

2. NEW RAILWAY ADVERTISERS. This fictitious name may be intended for (1) the Railway Times, first issued in 1837, and now incorporated with the Railway Gazette ; (2) " Bradshaw," which began in 1839 as Bradshaw's Railway Time-Table, then in 1840 became Bradshaw's Railway Companion, and since 1841 has been Bradshaw's Railway Guide ; or (3) the A.B.C. Railway Guide, which was established in 1853 ; the proprietors of the last named have kindly supplied this information.

3. PINT OF SWEET BLACKING. Dickens probably means the very dark treacly port wine (so-called) obtainable on draught at many second-rate inns. He must have had some experience of this in his early reporting days. In *Household Words* for 20th February, 1858, is an article by Dickens, " Well-Authenticated Rappings," in which the following conversation takes place between the writer and a spirit voice : " Who are you ? " Incoherent rappings. " What is your name ? " The reply was conveyed in a sound exactly resembling a loud hiccough. " Your name cannot be Hiccough ; Hiccough is not a proper name." No answer. " I solemnly charge you to reveal your name." Reply with extreme unwillingness : " Sloe-juice, Log-wood, Blackberry." " *That* is not your name." " No." " I ask you what do they generally call you ? " " Port." " What, upon the whole, is most like you ? " " Blacking." It also will be remembered that at the Great White Horse at Ipswich Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Peter Magnus, having " ordered a bottle of the worst possible port wine at the highest possible price, for the good of the house, drank brandy-and-water for their own " (*Pickwick Papers*, Chap. XXII).

4. HIGH ROADS OF WHICH THERE WILL SHORTLY BE NOT ONE. This daring prophecy nearly came true after the expansion of the railway system, when the roads were neglected. The invention of the internal combustion engine caused a great improvement in the care of road surfaces.

5. JACK CHINAMAN. The John Chinaman of Chapter I.

6. ALL-OVERS. The cant term for the condition of feeling a little out of health from head to foot.

7. POPPET. A pet name from the French *poupette*, a doll. The Puffer was a little hypocritical; Jasper was no pet of hers.

8. HE COMES FORTH AGAIN AT NOON. There is no record of Jasper's movements between 12 o'clock noon and his return at six o'clock.

9. GO IN THERE AT SEVEN TO-MORROW MORNING. This must have been on a Thursday, as that is the only day on which the Service is so early; on other days the hour is eight o'clock.

10. NAME TO INDICT ME BY. Deputy must have picked up this word during one of his many visits to the magistrates. (See Chapter V.)

11. HISTING ME. Anglicé, hoisting.

12. COMES MR. TOPE . . . Dickens had already used this form for assembling his personages in *Bleak House*, Chapter XXV, when Chadband called on the Snagsbys to "improve the tough subject": "Comes Mr. Snagsby . . . come the Chadbands . . . come the 'prentices and Guster . . . comes at last Jo, the very very tough subject."

13. COMES THE ORGANIST AND BELLOWS-BOY. The collocation of these two persons is natural, but at a cathedral they would surely not arrive together (they might at a small church). Moreover the set of bellows of a cathedral organ requires much more than the strength of a boy. The wind-chest of a modern cathedral organ is filled by machinery—either hydraulic or more commonly, electric.

14. NIGHT-GOWNS. Surplices, of course; in Chapter I they are merely white robes.

15. JASPER LEADING THE LINE. This is a slip. See Chapter I, Note 5.

16. BEHIND A PILLAR. As Datchery occupied a stall, the service was held in the Choir, in which at Rochester there are no pillars, but there must have been some at Cloisterham.

17. UNDER BRACKETS OF THE STALL SEATS. These brackets or misereres date from Pre-Reformation times when services were numerous. The seats were hinged, and when turned up the misereres supplied means for feeble or aged ecclesiastics to obtain support without actually standing or sitting down. They were frequently carved with elaborate designs in which the craftsman gave play to his fancy; some depicted biblical scenes, but there were also angels, demons, plants, animals, and even pagan fables, often grotesque.

A GREAT LOSS AT BLACKPOOL

The Blackpool Branch of the Fellowship mourns the loss of Mrs. Sarah Stubbs, who at 87 was the oldest member (in membership as well as years). Until the last few years, when failing health prevented her attendance, she delighted in the meetings and keenly enjoyed both social and educational gatherings. Until her eighty-third year Mrs. Stubbs was always present at the annual Birthday dinner, attired in the costume of a Dickens character. When she was eighty she took part in a Dickensian Pageant as Mrs. Jarley. Imbued with the Dickens spirit, she was the best of company, having the kindest heart and the shrewdest brain. Her death leaves a gap in the Blackpool Branch that will not easily be filled.

BACK NUMBERS

READERS who sent us copies of numbers for which we appealed are cordially thanked for their kindness. We are still in need of more and should anyone be able to spare copies of Numbers 261, 265 and 272 (the latter already is out of print) we should be grateful to hear from them.

THE MORAL POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF

By FRANK J. STAFF

" 'Tis education forms the common mind :
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."

MY old Uncle Bob, who was my philosopher and guide in early youth, knew nothing of Pope's Moral Essays, and his teaching ran, " As the twig is bent so is the boy disinclined." Thus we begin at once with the question of education and morals.

I did not realise it at the ages of two, three and four, but believe my bib or " feeder," as it was called in those early days, was a kind of Moral Pocket-handkerchief. It had at the lower edge large red lettering —WASTE NOT, WANT NOT—and by the time I had reached the age of four I was heartily sick of the words. Did I but leave on my plate a portion of detested cabbage, I heard from my father or mother, " Frankie, waste not, want not." Once I tried turning it upside down, but the wording seemed plainer, as I looked down at it.

At the age of four I was allowed to discard it ; I felt quite grown up, and entitled to call my father by his Christian name, which as Euclid so truly has it, was absurd.

It happened in London, a long time ago, to paraphrase an old song ; 1910 to be exact and the then Editor of *The Dickensian*, the late B. W. Matz, said, " Frank Staff, what about a short item for the Magazine ? Whatever you write will have to be cut I surmise, but at times you tickle my ear. Let me have something on the Moral Pocket-handkerchief."

Moral Pocket-handkerchief—of course ; known to Sam Weller as " hanging up in linen drapers' shops." I recollected that somewhere in my desk I had a cutting from " Punch " on the subject, so readily consented.

After much careful writing and rewriting, cutting out and confirming that my punctuation marks had been correctly inserted, it was ready, but alas for my carefully considered contribution. In the May number of 1910 (the magazine was published monthly at that time) a very interesting article appeared by the late Mr. Charles van Noorden on the Moral Pocket-handkerchief ; with a pleasing illustration of a pastoral scene showing the rector's wife, or may be the squire's wife, as improving the industry of two village maidens in the art of needlecraft, with moral reflections in the top corner on the value of needlework as a virtuous occupation, and at the foot in large lettering was the injunction " Read your Bible." This discovery was the result of an eleven years' search, by Mr. van Noorden.

I did not send in my humble contribution. It could wait for a month or two. However, in the October number appeared a perfect illustration as frontispiece, of a Moral Pocket-handkerchief entitled " The Beggar's Petition " and accompanied by verses starting " Pity the sorrows of a poor old man whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door."

This, too, was a contribution by C. van Noorden, an ardent collector of Dickensiana. I therefore tore up my laboured effort, only retaining the extract from " Punch."

Years passed, as the saying is, and we come to the year 1944, when the present Editor remarked : " What about something light for the Christmas number, it need not be too erudite." So a search was made for the item from " Punch." Success crowned my efforts and it follows herewith :

There is no date, ladies and gentlemen, but I am instructed that

it appeared in that paper about the year 1845 under the heading

" EDUCATIONAL HANDKERCHIEFS

" We have seen with considerable satisfaction that the schoolmaster has been abroad even to the Bandannas—or in other words, that fine moral lessons are imparted through the medium of silk pocket handkerchiefs. Instead of the old unmeaning bird's eye pattern, by which the mouchoir was formerly adorned, we have a series of highly finished designs illustrative of " great facts " in reading, writing, and arithmetic. Science of every description is now taught through the medium of the pocket handkerchief, and learning is thus thrust under the very nose of the public.

" Some were inclined to think that pocket handkerchiefs applied to science would be the means of giving it a very severe blow ; while others believed that the plan would be sure to succeed, as the public are very easily led by the nose, and a great moral truth is never so well inculcated as when it is nicely wrapped up in the folds of a silk pocket handkerchief.

" It is true that philosophy is not a thing to be sneezed at, and the Lights of the age might stand a chance at being snuffed out if the pupils took snuff while using the handkerchiefs on which the glorious coruscations of the luminary in question might be emblazoned. We are, however, happy to find that the experiment is to be tried, and we are enabled to state that a Primer has been prepared, in a series of two handkerchiefs, one in use and the other in the wash, according to the custom of most economical families.

" A geography will be comprised in a set of four handkerchiefs, so that the student may wipe away the dust from his forehead with a map of his native land, and he will thus be able to keep England in his eye as long as he may find it convenient.

" An arithmetical series will also be very interesting, and that this idea can be carried out is easily proved by the fact that the pocket handkerchief has often served for working various lessons in Subtraction, some of which have required considerable ingenuity.

" Law may also be inculcated in the same manner, and as it is often paid for through the nose, it may surely be acquired through the pocket handkerchief."

(And so to bed.)

THE VILLAGE BORE

" I REMEMBER a week-end I once spent in the wilds of Shropshire, when my hostess warned me at lunch that the village bore threatened to come to tea that afternoon. The bore arrived, and turned out to be a shy little retired solicitor with an appealing look in his eyes. It took me five minutes to find out that his particular fad was Dickens, and another five to make him overcome his fear of being sat upon ; but in the end I got him going, and when he left an hour and a half later, during most of which time he never stopped talking, my hostess exclaimed, " But we never knew that Mr. T is such a fascinating man ! Why, he knows all there is to be known about Dickens and his characters, and it is just lovely to hear him talk about it."

From " The Heathen are Wrong," by Eugene Bagger (Eyre and Spottiswoode, London, 1941.)

THE SHAKESPEARE CLUB

A NOTE BY MARCUS STONE, R.A.

THE Shakespeare Club was founded by a small group of friends (there were only about seventy members), and it existed barely two years. Frank Stone, one of the original members, was the Secretary, and his record of the transactions of the club has been preserved. It is full of interest and informs us that:

> "The object of the association is to combine intellectual with social enjoyment. For that purpose it is proposed to establish regular readings, essays and criticisms on Shakespeare, or any subject connected with literature, the Drama or the Arts—to be followed by familiar discussion."

In the list of members were: W. M. Thackeray, Charles Dickens, Robert Brobingry, Sheridan Knowles, Leigh Hunt, Laman Blanchard, Sergeant Talfourd, John Forster, B. W. Procter (Barry Cornwall), W. H. Ainsworth, Douglas Jerrold, Samuel Lover and Charles Knight, and others representing Literature. The artists were: Clarkson Stanfield, D. Maclise, F. Stone, two brothers Landseer (Charles and Thomas), George Cattermole, and Hablot K. Browne. There were W. C. Macready and J. P. Harley, actors, and M. W. Balfe and John Hullah, musicians, R. M. Stephenson, the engineer, and many more, whose names are not yet forgotten. A brilliant company of mostly young men, Thackeray, Dickens, Browne, Maclise, Forster, Balfe, Hullah, Ainsworth were still in the mid-twenties.

They met once a week on Saturday evening. On the last Saturday in every month the members present supped together after eleven o'clock, "the expense of each supper not to exceed three shillings and sixpence." Here are some of the "subjects for discussion":

On the advantages of social discussion.
On the means of promoting the success and influence of the Drama.
On the use and influence of the Fine Arts.
On Ben Jonson.
On the identity of an author and his works.
Is the present system of periodical publication calculated to raise the character of Literature?
Is the utilitarian progress of the present age favourable or unfavourable to Literature and the Fine Arts?

Under the date June 2nd, 1838, is this entry:

> "It was proposed by Mr. Bell and seconded by Mr. Charles Landseer, that this meeting cannot avoid the expression of its surprise that Mr. Thackeray, having volunteered to favour the Club this evening with a paper, and having been reminded of the circumstance within these few days by the Secretary, should neither have attended this meeting, nor assigned any reason for his absence. Carried."

One wonders what caused the illustrious W.M.T. to fail to be in his place on that evening. He was "in the chair" a week or two afterwards. The reason for his absence must have been explained to the complete satisfaction of his brother members.

Frank Stone's services as Honorary Secretary appear to have been satisfactory. Generous appreciation of his efficiency is inscribed on the lid of a snuff-box presented to him by his brother members; a very precious piece of Louis XV goldsmith's work. The three men who were deputed to select and purchase the testimonial gave nineteen pounds for it, being anxious to know whether they had paid a fair price, one of them was despatched after dark, to Attenborough the pawnbroker, to see what could be borrowed upon it. As Mr.

Attenborough offered to advance twenty-five pounds they were satisfied that they had not been imposed upon. Was the vendor of this precious object ignorant of its value or was he a receiver of stolen goods ?

This club came to an end on December 7th, 1839.

FOOTNOTES BY W.D.

This account appeared at Sotheby's on February 24th, among a group of letters and papers of Marcus Stone, R.A.

There is an undated letter to Forster in the Victoria and Albert Museum (Nonesuch Edition, Vol. I, p. 210) apparently written in the spring of 1839 which says :

" I shall therefore not be at the ' Shakespeare ' to-night."

Another undated letter to Forster (Vol. I, p. 233), from Doughty Street, complaining of a cold and bad eyes, and saying " if I go to the Shakespeare on Saturday, I must stay at home until that time."

There was evidently a later Shakespeare Society, as a letter to Peter Cunningham, 28th July, 1848 (Nonesuch, Vol. 2, p. 113) refers to " an infatuated wretch of the name of John Clow Tennant, of Liverpool, wishes to become a member of the Shakespeare Society. I will propoge the poor creature if you like, and perhaps you'll second him."

" THE DUET," BY FRANK STONE, R.A.

ONE of the characters in the group at Devonshire Terrace depicted in Frank Stone's " The Duet " (see *The Dickensian*, 1934, p. 207) has been said to be Dickens. Apparently this is not so, for Marcus Stone wrote of the picture in some papers sold at Sothebys on February 24th :

" It was in the spring of 1849 that I first saw a picture by my father. It was called ' The Duet ' ; my brother sat for one of the heads, and I was allowed to go with him to see my father at work. It was a day of wonder and delight to me, the paraphernalia of the painter, the easel, the palette, the brushes, the intoxicating odours of turpentine and oil of spike, the high window, were mysteries of absorbing interest. The ' mahl stick '—I had never heard of such a thing before—was a delightful object with its leathern padded end to rest against the picture ; the other end carved by some idle hand into rude semblance of a face. That same mahl stick I can see as I sit writing these words sixty years afterwards ; it is leaning against my easel ; I have used it ever since my father died.

" So vivid were my impressions of all I saw on that day that as soon as I got home to our country cottage, I made a sketch from memory of my father's picture, which was rather an elaborate composition of eleven figures. My sketch was of course only what in these days would be called an impression, but it really gave a very good and recognisable suggestion of the design. My father was pleased and surprised when he saw this performance by his little son, who was only eight years old.

" In this ' Duet ' picture the seated ' jeune premier ' was painted from Alfred Tennyson, and the white woolly animal in the foreground was Dickens's little dog Timber."

This disposes of the suggestion in " The Sphere " in 1934 that the seated young man was Dickens, or that the man leaning on the piano was Tennyson.

But it is interesting to learn that the little dog was " Timber Doodle."

W. D.

THE DEXTER MEMORIAL FUND

THE first list of subscriptions to the Walter Dexter Memorial Fund appears below. At the time of going to press the total is £197 10*s.* 0*d.* This is an excellent beginning and promises well for ultimate success. Many branches are already making their plans for functions in aid of the Fund. Most probably a large proportion of these meetings will not take place until after the war, but the honour of being the first in the field goes to the Southend Branch, which held a Dickens Recital by the Rev. W. Wallace Lawrence on November 11th, too late for report in this issue.

One Shilling.—Miss S. D. Chinnock.

Two Shillings and Sixpence.—Miss E. A. Curson, Mr. A. W. Handel, Mrs. Mina P. Litton, Mr. William Paine.

Three Shillings and Sixpence.—Mr. Roland Huth.

Five Shillings.—Miss Boddington, Mr. D. Farringdon, Miss L. M. A. Hall, Miss E. Hellier, Miss I. Peacock, Miss I. M. Richardson, Mrs. Stone, Miss Peggy Webling, Miss G. M. Webster.

Nine Shillings and Sixpence.—Mr. H. Bint.

Ten Shillings.—Mr. W. R. Anderson, Mr. F. S. Baker, Miss M. Bovingdon, Miss M. Brothers, Miss W. Cardozo, Mr. Y. Hawkes, Miss E. A. Pearson, Miss A. Marion Pool, Mr. O. D. Savage, Miss Flora J. Till, Miss Sheila D. Walker.

Ten Shillings and Sixpence.—Miss G. L. Biden, Pilot Officer A. H. Burrage, Mr. F. C. Creak, Miss C. I. Davis, Mr. Stanley T. H. Eyre, Miss M. M. Fowler, Mr. C. H. Grant, Miss May S. Jeffery, Miss M. L. Kemp, L.R.B.W., Miss Beatrice Lambert, Leyton Branch, Miss Alice Mellish, Miss A. W. Miller, Miss D. L. Minards, Mr. John Myatt, Miss I. M. Purnell, Mr. Chas. Ross, Mrs. Selwyn, Miss Kate P. Skinner, Mr. Philip C. P. Smith, Mr. Mrs. and Miss Towell, Miss E. G. Vautier, Mrs. Elaine Waley, Mr. John Winbolt.

One Pound.—Mrs. Bower, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Edwards, Miss Laura Godfree, Madame O'Doneven, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Pine, Miss A. Tate.

One Guinea.—Mr. Fred W. Ashley, Miss D. Bexon, Blackpool Branch, Brighton Branch, Mr. C. Stuart Brown, Rev. F. Fleetwood Buss, Mrs. M. E. Chappell, Mr. E. Dale, Mr. Malcolm Dillon, Miss A. Fennings, Mr. J. H. Forsyth, Mr. Chas. Herring, Mr. T. W. Hill, Miss E. M. Ironside, Mr. E. W. Ironside, Mr. and Mrs. Kimber, Mrs. Bothwell Jones, Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Dean, Mr. T. N. Philip, Portsmouth Branch, Plymouth Branch, Mrs. Ruby Rathbone, Mr. C. H. Redman, Mr. A. R. Rule, Mr. Geo. Schroeder, Mr. Frank Staff, Mr. J. W. Starkey, Mr. G. H. Stuart-Bunning, Miss F. S. Walford, Mr. Percy E. Waymark, Mr. Rathmell Wilson, Mr. G. W. Younger.

One Pound, Five Shillings.—In loving and grateful memory of Uncle Wal, from Mrs. M. A. Tomlin, Esther, Edgar and Walter Tomlin, Mrs. A. S. Dexter and Leslie Dexter.

One Pound, Ten Shillings.—St. Pancras Branch.

Two Guineas.—Anon, per Bromley Branch, Mrs. Jane Bacon, Mrs. Capron, Mrs. Percy T. Carden, Cheltenham Branch, Mr. Wm. A. Clark, Mr. Bernard Darwin, Mr. Henry Charles Dickens, Mr. Harry Fife, Dr. and Mrs. Henry Johnson, Mrs. Peter Jones, Viscount Leverhulme, Mr. W. H. Lowry, Mr. J. J. Mills, Mrs. Walter Newall, Mr. J. Cooper Sands, Mr. M. H. Spielmann, Mrs. Williams-Ellis.

Three Pounds.—Mr. J. D. Billington.

Three Guineas.—Sheffield Branch, Mr. F. W. Ellis, Mr. G. M. Heathcote, Mr. A. E. Pain.

Three Pounds Five Shillings.—Southampton Branch.

Three Pounds, Seven Shillings and Sixpence.—Preston Branch.

Five Pounds.—Bath Branch, Mr. Joseph E. Beckett, Eastbourne Branch, Hull Branch, Nottingham Branch, Mrs. Wm. Wolfe.

Five Guineas.—Messrs. Dexter, Tucker and Fry, Ltd., Mr. Leslie C. Staples.

Ten Guineas.—" *From his family.*"

Twenty-one Pounds and One Shilling—Boston Branch.

Five Dollars.—Mrs. May Lamberton Becker.

FIRESIDE REFLECTIONS

By J. GREAVES

IT has often been remarked how Dickens uses commonplace things under different aspects to achieve certain desired effects either in characterisation or place atmosphere. Fires for example. Frequently Dickens utilises a fire to point out the character of the person living in the house or to give atmosphere to the house itself. The total number of fires mentioned in all the novels and short stories written by Dickens must be immense, and maybe some enthusiast has ventured to count them at some time or other. In making a research for the purpose of this article, I have encountered innumerable diverse and interesting examples in the one or two books to which I have referred.

I do not suppose I shall be challenged in making the statement that the writings of Dickens are essentially of interiors. Even his exterior scenes were often intensified by contrast; storm-ridden roads and lonely wind-swept countrysides were frequently compared to the cosy warmth of some fireside, the fire perhaps flickering on the window-blind and encouraging the weary traveller to tarry on his journey. The welcome of his wayside inns was essentially a temptation to buffeted travellers to exchange the discomforts of the road for the coveted seat by the roaring fire. How strongly is this device used in *Barnaby Rudge* when the old cronies around the blazing fire in the Maypole Inn gather closer to the blaze away from the howling wind and the dark ghostliness of the road outside. How often does that same fireside tempt the good old locksmith to break his promise to his good lady!

The boisterous Christmas scenes about which Dickens was so fond of writing, cried out for a fire, a blazing log fire. The movements of his characters were but flittings from one fireside to another; and so I say his writings were essentially of interiors.

Pickwick Papers, which is a book of inns, is naturally a book of fires. In addition to the actual story itself, it contains a number of short stories told or written by various characters and few of these are without their fires. Most of the fires in *Pickwick* are jolly, blazing, roaring ones; tingeing the whole book with jollity and comfort; illuminating the shining faces of its innumerable characters with a rosy glow, and mellowing their hot drinks partaken around the chimney corner.

Dickens often uses his fires to emphasise poverty. In the Stroller's Tale, told by Dismal Jemmy, Jingle's actor acquaintance, at The Bull, Rochester, the poverty-stricken home of a low pantomime actor is described as having "a low cinder fire in a rusty, unfixed grate." By contrast there were two blazing fires at Manor Farm, Dingley Dell, and on their arrival after their unfortunate experience with the four-wheeled chaise and Mr. Winkle's large-limbed horse, the dishevelled Pickwickians were shown into the kitchen where the servants "rose from their seats in the chimney corner (for although it was a May evening, their attachment to the wood-fire appeared as cordial as if it were Christmas)."

Mr. Snodgrass, who later on stands with his back to the same fire, sipping his cherry brandy, describes the room in his notes as a large apartment with red brick floor and a capacious chimney. On being led into the parlour, the Pickwickians find a very old lady, Mr. Wardle's mother, occupying "the post of honour on the right-hand corner of the chimney piece" (why the right-hand corner, I wonder?); and Mr. Wardle himself later in the evening declares "the happiest moments of my life have been passed at this old fireside." Round this important centre of cheer many a jolly evening is spent at Manor Farm and the clergyman obliges with his song of the Ivy.

In the Bagman's story, related in the commercial room of the

Peacock at Eatanswill, during that famous election, we find the same method used to emphasise the uninviting weather out of doors. Tom Smart, driving his gig across Marlborough Downs one very dreary, windy, wet night is attracted by the cheerful light in the bar window of an inn, and in the opposite window " a red flickering light, one moment but faintly discernible, and the next gleaming strongly through the drawn curtains, which intimated that a rousing fire was blazing within." Five minutes later Tom was esconced before " a matter-of-fact roaring fire, composed of something short of a bushel of coals, and wood enough to make a half a dozen decent gooseberry bushes, piled half-way up the chimney, and roaring and crackling with a sound that of itself would have warmed the heart of any reasonable man." This inn boasted of more than one cheery fire, as evidenced by the afore-mentioned light in the bar window, and Tom Smart noticed that " in the bar, seated at tea at the nicest possible little table, drawn close up before the brightest possible little fire, was a buxom widow of about eight and forty or thereabouts." Dickens was certainly enough of a traveller to appreciate fully the welcome of an inn fire, and his own feelings, derived from personal experiences, stands out strongly in his writings.

The Great White Horse Inn at Ipswich is said to have given Dickens but comfortless lodging, possibly during one of his reporting journeys, and he did not forget it when he came to write *Pickwick*. Mr. Pickwick is shown into " a badly-furnished apartment with a dirty grate, in which a small fire was making a wretched attempt to be cheerful, but was fast sinking beneath the dispiriting influence of the place." Here then, we have an inn proving too much even for its own fire !

On being shown to his bedroom, however, Mr. Pickwick finds a large double-bedded room with a fire, " upon the whole a more comfortable looking apartment than his short experience of the Great White Horse had led him to expect."

Returning on an exceedingly wet night from Birmingham, Mr. Pickwick, with Bob Sawyer and Ben Allen, stop on Sam Weller's recommendation at The Saracen's Head, Towcester. Mr. Pickwick eventually decides to stay the night and the landlord orders the waiter to put lights in the Sun room and make up the fire as the gentlemen are wet. The fire was stirred up and a fresh log of wood thrown on. In ten minutes the fire was blazing merrily and everything looked (as everything always does in all decent English inns) as if the travellers had been expected, and their comforts prepared for days beforehand. What a contrast to the Great White Horse !

Now we come to the fire, or should it be the lack of a fire, responsible for a particular incident in this inn. On the same night the inn was visited separately by the rival editors of the " Eatanswill Gazette " and the " Independent," the " Blue " Mr. Pott and the " Buff " Mr. Slurk. Mr. Slurk arrives last and enquires whether there is a fire anywhere, to which the landlord replies that they can light one immediately. " Which will throw out no heat until it is bedtime," interrupted Mr. Slurk. " Is anybody in the kitchen ? " Not a soul—and there was a beautiful fire ; so Mr. Slurk composes himself to read his rival's newspaper on the settle by the kitchen fire. Mr. Pott is already installed in the Sun room with Mr. Pickwick and Bob Sawyer, where we were told there was originally a blazing fire. Evidently they had neglected it as Bob Sawyer suddenly remarks, " I say, we've let the fire out." It still being very cold, they repair at Bob Sawyer's suggestion to the kitchen to enjoy a last cigar by the fire before returning to bed. The result is a fight between the two editors, concluding in their being separated by Sam, by the expedient of throwing a sack over Pott's head.

All inns are not so fortunate, however, in good fires ; in particular the Blue Boar in Leadenhall Market, where Sam Weller, whilst waiting for his father's coach to arrive, writes his famous valentine to Mary. " The brandy and water luke, and the inkstand having been carried into the parlour, and the young lady having carefully flattened down the coals to prevent their blazing, and carried away the poker to preclude the possibility of the fire being stirred——" Evidently the Blue Boar would not have been a " four star " inn by present standards !

Pickwick Papers glows with cheerful fires, particularly, of course, where the author desires to convey a cheerful aspect to the scene. Sam Weller is sent to Goswell Street to collect some of his master's belongings and there he discovers a cosy family party of Mrs. Bardell with young Master Bardell and two of her friends, Mrs. Cluppins and Mrs. Sanders, "anticipating a quiet cup of tea, and a little warm supper of a couple of sets of pettitoes and some toasted cheese. The last-named relish was simmering and browning away, most delightfully, in a little Dutch oven before the fire." You will recollect that Mrs. Sanders is greatly relieved at Sam being permitted to depart without reference to the pettitoes, which she feared would not stand an additional appetite in the party.

Again, when Sam pays a visit to his stepmother at the Marquis of Granby, Dorking, he finds the red-nosed man sitting by the fire, "which was blazing brightly under the influence of the bellows, and the kettle was singing gaily under the influence of both." Later on Sam is joined by the elder Mr. Weller and they sit down on opposite sides of the fire with glasses of spirits and water, and a couple of pipes.

To return for a moment to Manor Farm, Dingley Dell, at Christmas, we are told that the carpet was up, the candles burned bright, and the fire blazed and crackled on the hearth. This occasion is particularly auspicious because this is the only time recorded that Mr. Pickwick discards his famous gaiters for silk stockings. When Mr. Pickwick calls on Mr. Perker to see how his case is proceeding we are told that Lowten, Perker's chief clerk, " stirs a particularly large fire with a particularly small poker." Evidently Perker's office was a cheerful one. The last fire actually mentioned in *Pickwick* was a large one, but we are given no details except that " the pleasant little smoking party of twelve medical students " surrounding it resulted in Arabella finding her brother who attended it smelling strongly of tobacco when he embraced her.

There are several nondescript fires in *Pickwick*—a curious example being that at the White Horse Cellar in Piccadilly where the travellers room is described as " the right-hand parlour, into which an aspiring kitchen fireplace appears to have walked, accompanied by a rebellious poker, tongs and shovel."

To complete the Pickwickian fires, when Mr. Pickwick was apprehended for payment of damages, he was taken to the sheriff's court in Bell Alley, Coleman Street. Here, in the coffee room, he finds three other debtors, one of whom, " a coarse, vulgar young man of about thirty, with a sallow face and harsh voice, was engaged in stirring the fire with the toe of his right boot." Once again, in the Fleet, when Mr. Pickwick visits the poor side of the prison, the fire is used to emphasize the despair in the scene, and here he rediscovers Alfred Jingle " brooding over a dusty fire." Finally, when Sam Weller announces his intention to Mr. Pickwick of staying in the Fleet Prison as a debtor, on the subject of principle he refers to the history of the man who " killed his-self on principle ' by eating three shillings' worth of crumpets at one sitting and then shooting himself. This man, Sam tells Mr. Pickwick, " being a wery reg'lar gen'l'm'n, dined every day at the same

place, where it wos one-and-nine to cut off the joint, and a wery good one-and-nine's worth he used to cut, as the landlord often said, with the tears a tricklin' down his face, let alone the way he used to poke the fire in winter time, which was a dead loss o' fourpence ha'penny a day, to say nothin' at all o' the aggrawation o' seein' him do it."

In *David Copperfield* are two fires, both of which have pleasant association, the fireside at the Rookery, Blunderstone, at which David's mother was sitting on the afternoon of that most eventful Friday in his life. You will remember Betsey Trotwood, who instead of ringing the door bell like an ordinary Christian, pressed her nose against the window in such an alarming manner that the timid Mrs. Copperfield retired into a corner behind her chair and to this occurrence David attributes his birthday falling upon a Friday. This same fireside saw many happy evenings with David and his mother and Peggotty in company with the little bit of wax-candle and the work-box with a view of St. Paul's Cathedral with a pink dome. This, as I said, was a happy fireside until the dark shadow of the Murdstones fell upon it and obscured its brightness. St. Paul's and the bit of wax-candle also joined the jolly group around the second fireside in *David Copperfield* in the old boat at Yarmouth, where David sat in heavenly bliss with Little Em'ly on the low locker and listened to the wind getting up at sea.

Bleak House has a number of firesides, differing widely in their associations. For example, there is the incident when Mr. Tulkinghorn calls on Krook's lodger, Nemo, and finds him lying dead. The atmosphere of death in the room is cleverly underlined by reference to the fire over which Krook stoops, trying to light the candle, which has gone out, at the red embers. "The dying ashes have no light to spare, and his endeavours are in vain."

As a contrast are the fires at Chesney Wold, trying in vain, no doubt, to warm the great house. Even in summer weather we are told that Sir Leicester had his own particular fire in the evening and his little screened seat by it. Here, at this fireside, the proud Lady Dedlock finds little warmth for her troubled heart, and here she matches her will against that of the imperturbable Mr. Tulkinghorn.

Very different still are the scenes enacted around the fireside of the Smallweed family, guarded by the wizened figures of Grandfather and Grandmother Smallweed in two black horse-hair porter's chairs, the former with his cushion always to hand with which to extinguish the unfortunate old lady when she annoys him. A rather amusing incident at another fire occurs when this delightful old gentleman is taken to see Mr. George at the Leicester Square shooting gallery. Having made a request on arrival to be carried to the fire, Grandfather Smallweed, like a venerable old guy, is caught up by Mr. Squod, chair and all, and deposited on the hearthstone with disconcerting precipitancy. "O Lord," said Mr. Smallweed, panting, "Oh dear me! Oh my stars!—Judy, draw me back a little, I'm being scorched in the legs," which indeed is testified to the noses of all present by the smell of his worsted stockings.

In *The Cricket on the Hearth* the fire is the essence of the story, together with the kettle and, of course, the cricket; everything revolves around them. Sometimes, as in *Barnaby Rudge*, a fire is endowed with life. "I don't like bed," says Barnaby, "I like to lie before the fire, watching the prospects in the burning coals—the rivers, hills, and dells in the deep red sunset, and the wild faces." It will be remembered that poor Barnaby stretched out asleep before this fire was anxiously watched by his mother and, with different thoughts, by his father, murderer and fugitive from his guilty secret, from his hiding place in a cupboard.

Now one other little book takes its place beside *Pickwick* for the number of different fires in it, *The Christmas Carol.*

First of all, in the description of Scrooge's counting-house, the fire is effectively used, as only Dickens can make use of such trifles, to indicate the old skin-flint's character. "Scrooge had a very small fire, but the clerk's fire was so very much smaller that it looked like one coal. But he couldn't replenish it, for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his own room; and so surely as the clerk came in with the shovel, the master predicted that it would be necessary for them to part. Wherefore the clerk put on his white comforter, and tried to warm himself at the candle; in which effort, not being a man of strong imagination, he failed." A little later, hearing Scrooge's nephew make a stand for Christmas time, "the clerk in the tank involuntarily applauded. Becoming immediately sensible of the impropriety, he poked the fire, and extinguished the last frail spark for ever."

After his melancholy meal in his usual melancholy tavern and having beguiled the rest of the evening with his bank book, Scrooge repaired home to "a small fire in the grate" and his gruel ready upon the hob. "It was a very low fire indeed; nothing on such a bitter night. He was obliged to sit close to it, and brood over it, before he could extract the least sensation of warmth from such a handful of fuel." Serve him right! Here, at this fireside, he has his famous interview with the ghost of his old partner, Jacob Marley, upon whose coming "the dying flame leaped up as though it cried 'I know him! Marley's ghost!' and fell again."

As a contrast, and to heighten the effect of the fog and darkness outside, we are told that "in the main street, at the corner of the court, some labourers were repairing the gas-pipes, and had lighted a great fire in a brazier, round which a party of ragged men and boys were gathered, warming their hands and winking their eyes before the blaze in rapture."

In the first vision, in his old school, Scrooge sees himself as a lonely boy sitting beside a feeble fire, even the clicking of which had a softening influence upon him. There is a succession of jolly fires, real Christmas ones, at Fezziwig's, in addition to other preparations for the party, fuel was *heaped* upon the fire; the girl Scrooge was once engaged to is now a happy mother with her family around the winter fire; the Spirit of Christmas Present is discovered by Scrooge beside "such a mighty blaze, that went roaring up the chimney, as that dull petrification of a hearth had never known in Scrooge's time;" in Bob Cratchit's home, his son, Peter, blew the fire, until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan-lid to be let out and peeled. Later the family, after enjoying the wonderful goose and the pudding which turned out to be such a success, gathered round the hearth in what Bob called a circle, meaning half a one, and chestnuts were put upon the fire. There was a fire also in the wash-house as Tiny Tim was hustled off by the two young Cratchits to "hear the pudding singing in the copper." Every house that Christmas had a fire—"the brightness of the roaring fire in kitchens, parlours, and all sorts of rooms was wonderful. Here the flickering of the blaze showed preparations for a cosy dinner, with hot plates baking through and through before the fire—every house was expecting company and piling up its fires half-chimney high!" Finally, when Bob returns to the office after Christmas Day, it is to find Scrooge a reformed man. Scrooge's last instructions to his astonished clerk are "Make up the fires (the fires you notice) and buy another coal-scuttle before you dot another i, Bob Cratchit."

These roaring fires express in masterly fashion the spirit of fellowship and good-will, an inspiration that it would be difficult to draw from the gas and electric fires of these prosaic days.

THE SOLDIER IN DICKENS

By PHILIP CLAXTON WILLIAMS

IN times of conflict, when the very ideals by which we live are challenged and at stake, it is our soldiers on whom we rely. When as now, they reward our confidence by hard-won, miraculous success, they should continue to occupy a first place in our thoughts.

In the rich gallery of personalities bequeathed to us by Charles Dickens, it is only natural that the men of the King's services should be represented. In these times nothing could be more appropriate than to recall some of them.

They are introduced to us early. At the very outset of his career Dickens gives us, in his inimitable *Sketches* a diverting glimpse of *Military Young Gentlemen*. It can be seen from this article that at the time of writing—indeed during the whole course of Dickens's career—the military were still invested with the colourful glamour that was a heritage of the Middle Ages. Soldiers were still Redcoats ; swords and spurs were something more than mere symbols. The gay uniforms and the " grand manner " that was their natural accompaniment had not given place to the drab, almost mechanical efficiency that characterises the army of to-day.

Dickens had close links with Portsmouth and Chatham. Was he not born on this interesting and historic ground ? His early childhood must have been well peopled with men at arms. His daughter, Mamie, in a biographical note, recalls that " He was carried into Portsmouth one day to see the soldiers at exercise, and when he went back there twenty-five years afterwards he recollected perfectly, and recognised the military parade ground he had first looked upon with his baby eyes."

In view of this, we cannot feel surprised that the heroes of his early work, *Pickwick*, become involved with the military. Here, though the background is not Portsmouth, but Chatham, where the troops, under the spirited leadership of Colonel Bulder, were manoeuvering on the levels near Fort Pitt.

Mr. Pickwick's party, who had joined the crowd that had come to witness the spectacle, soon began to experience the discomforts that are associated with large multitudes of people. " At one time," we read, " there was a sudden pressure from behind, and then Mr. Pickwick was jerked forward for several yards . . . at another there was a request to ' keep back ' from the front, and then the butt-end of a musket was either dropped upon Mr. Pickwick's toe, to remind him of the demand, or thrust into his chest, to ensure its being complied with."

If Mr. Pickwick and his friends took this hustling in good part it was probably out of thankfulness at having recently escaped from a military incident of an even more threatening character. This, of course, was their encounter with the redoubtable Dr. Slammer, of the 97th, which, though based on a misunderstanding, caused alarm to at least one member of the club. Indeed, it was only the doctor's realisation—when he had cooled down sufficiently to exercise his senses—that he was the victim of a case of mistaken identity, that prevented what might have been a fatal conclusion.

Dr. Payne, of the 43rd, the Doctor's second, did not share Mr. Winkles relief at the amicable conclusion, and continued to behave like a bear with a sore head, even after his principal had relaxed into quite an amenable humour.

I do not know if these army surgeons were typical of their time : if so, the quality that later came to be called Prussianism must have been the order of the day. Payne is shown as being bloodthirsty and irascible, and though Slammer relapsed into civility later, it savours

of the surface affability of a Goering in an expansive mood. In all probability Dickens intended these portraits to be taken as mere caricatures ; as vehicles for a tilt at the old custom of duelling which, long frowned upon, was then swiftly falling into disuse.

Oliver Twist, which was begun before the *Pickwick Papers* were concluded, is removed from the business of soldiery, and therefore unprofitable ground as far as the scope of this article is concerned. But *Barnaby Rudge*, its successor, contains more than a hint of martial activity. Setting aside the exciting scenes attendant on the dispersal of Lord George Gordon's riotous followers, the military high light of the book is the Recruiting Sergeant, who made his appearance in the bar of the Maypole Inn, as related in Chapter Thirty-one. His harangue soon attracted the attention of the despondent Joe Willet, who was easily persuaded to enlist, and made an appointment with the sergeant for that evening at his headquarters at the Crooked Billet on Tower Hill.

The description of the sergeant is pure Dickens: that means good characterisation. We only listen to him for a few minutes, but we feel we know him as if we had been his neighbour for a number of years. We see and hear the man—not in the parlour of the Maypole only, but in the pursuit of his daily task. We see him stride the grimy, sprawling streets of more than a century ago. His red tunic, florid conversation and unquenchable thirst are those of a careless, fearless bravo when the old army training had put a polish on him. Of the family of Pistol, he has disappeared as surely as the booted gallants of Eastcheap or St. Paul's. The neutral tones of modern life afford a background that could not accommodate him, and one that he could scarcely be expected to abide.

There is a fleeting reference to a man of war in *Master Humphrey's Clock*, the desultory Dickens fragment that soon resolved itself into *The Old Curiosity Shop*. It occurs in the story of Elizabethan London delivered by Magog. He was, we are told, " a sturdy old officer of the army," girt with a rapier at least a foot and a half longer than was allowed by the proclamation of the Queen. That the old campaigner did not lose his coolness in an emergency is indicated by the deft if simple sequel.

In the *Old Curiosity Shop* the subject matter is touched from an unusual angle. The end of Sally Brass, the wholly objectionable sister of the despicable lawyer, was obscure and mysterious enough to set strange rumours afoot. It was " darkly whispered that she had enlisted as a private in the 2nd Regiment of the Foot Guards and had been seen in uniform, and on duty, to wit, leaning on her musket and looking out of a sentry box in St. James's Park."

Well, such occurrences are not unknown in history. It seems, though, that Dickens did not intend us to consider the rumour as any more reliable than such unsubstantiated stories usually are.

On reading *Dombey and Son* it might reasonably be wondered whether the redoubtable J.B. was the archtype of the red-faced, liverish colonel so dear to magazine fiction in its lighter vein. He gives illustration of how selfishness and self-indulgence can play havoc with the soldierly qualities proper to a man at arms. In the man's favour it may be said that his effusive friendship was not all pretence. Certainly a sponger and a parasite, if he set himself to deceive others it appears that he also deceived himself. He would seem to be one of those strange creatures who feel that to prey on more fortunate persons is but natural ; to exact their patronage his rightful due. Joe Bagstock entered into the spirit of the thing, and that makes him slightly less odious. Observe when his hopes have flown to the winds, his quick transition from the knowing man of the world to the unwitting

victim. Such was his attitude, when his Club acquaintances questioned him as to the Dombey smash.

> " The Major, waxing very purple, would reply that it was a bad world, Sir, altogether ; that Joey knew a thing or two, but had been done, Sir, done like an infant ; that if you had fortold this, Sir, to J. Bagstock, when he went abroad with Dombey and was chasing that vagabond up and down France, J. Bagstock would have pooh-pooh'd you—would have pooh-pooh'd you, Sir, by the Lord ! "

Thus the Major, like a disappointed backer, fades out of the story.

The dark and sombre setting of *Bleak House* is peopled with twin sunbeams in the persons of Inspector Bucket and Trooper George. The two men had much in common, and Dickens made this appear in the memorable scene that prefaced the latter's arrest.

The paragraph that introduces him to us is illustrative of Dickens's uncanny observation and descriptive powers. As we read it over we seem to see the man seated before us.

" He is a swarthy brown man of fifty," the description tells us, " well made, and good looking, with crisp dark hair, bright eyes, and a broad chest. His sinewy and powerful hands, as sunburnt as his face, have evidently been used to a pretty rough life. What is curious about him is, that he sits forward on his chair as if he were, from long habit, allowing space for some dress or accoutrements that he has altogether laid aside. His step, too, is measured and heavy, and would go well with a weighty clash and jingle of spurs. He is close-shaved now, but his mouth is set as if his upper lip had been for years familiar with a great moustache ; and his manner of occasionally laying the open palm of his brown hand upon it, is to the same effect. Altogether, one might guess Mr. George to have been a trooper once upon a time."

Among the host of varied characters Dickens created, our eye does not easily lose sight of this soldier and gentleman. There is a strong charm about honesty to those who admire it, and Trooper George certainly binds us with that spell.

In the same book we meet that delightful family the Bagnets. The old artilleryman, his wife, and the lively group of children—christened after the various military towns where their parents had been stationed —comprise as likable a family as ever dwelt in South London.

In the *Seven Poor Travellers*, one of the Christmas stories, we are again introduced into the military circles of Chatham, meeting Private Richard Doubledick, the black sheep of his regiment, finally reformed owing to the understanding treatment of Captain Taunton.

Later, in *Somebody's Luggage*, we meet with Corporal Théophile. I feel sure that the unnamed Englishman who features in the story did not think the less of this honest and humane man because he served the French Republic instead of the King of England.

The sergeant who led the hunt for the escaped convict in *Great Expectations*, though he only appeared for a matter of minutes, affords another interesting example. He strikes one as a practical man, with that gift of being able to get on well with the ladies, a quality, if tradition is worth anything, regarded as the stock in trade of the man at arms. He proved able to handle Mrs. Joe Gargery well enough, where a man of less experience might well have been confounded.

In the *Uncommercial Traveller*, Chapter Eight, we meet another soldier. He acted as a spokesman for his hundred and forty comrades who lay recovering in a Liverpool hospital after a disastrous voyage from India. The whole episode moved Dickens deeply, and small wonder. The brief words of the sergeant revealed beyond any doubt the criminal mismanagement with which the arrangements for the equipment of the transport had been made.

This was only one instance of Dickens having first-hand knowledge of contemporary soldiery. Once, at the old Vauxhall Gardens, when a young man, he had a glimpse of the Iron Duke himself.

To-day's army is something outside Dickens's experience. Mechanisation has altered it: new methods have produced new men. If the ignorant, red-nosed man at arms has passed out with Pistol and Corporal Nym, he has left behind him something of his high spirits and daring, and some of the good qualities to be seen in Dickens's soldiery have descended to those of to-day. A famous man, speaking of the army, said that every regiment has its Sam Weller or its Mark Tapley. This is surely true, and in this the modern army has a link with its prototype of Dickens's day.

THE SQUEERS METHOD

"The Electrical Review" for 13th October contains the following: "At Dotheboys Hall it was the custom of the principal, Mr. Wackford Squeers, to combine learning with practice. It will be remembered, for instance, that having learned that 'bottiney' meant a knowledge of plants a boy was sent to weed the garden. The system does not appear to have produced uniformly satisfactory results, but this did not deter a member of the Stirlingshire Education Committee (who may or may not have read *Nicholas Nickleby*) from suggesting that the Falkirk Trades School should be wired by the pupils to save expense. It is presumed that the building itself was put up in the usual way: a great deal more *might* have been saved if the job had been left to the building pupils."

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Sir,

I have just come across the following two items in "The Penny Magazine" for 6th April, 1833. Is it not likely that Dickens may have read them, and that they gave him certain ideas which he made use of in Chapter XXXVIII of *The Pickwick Papers* when describing Bob Sawyer's, late Nockemorf's, novel methods of advertising his practice?

"Quackery. Dr. F., a physician of Montpelier, was in the habit of employing a very ingenious artifice. When he came to a town where he was not known, he pretended to have lost his dog, and ordered the public crier to offer, with the beat of a drum, a reward of twenty-five louis to whoever should bring it to him. The crier took care to mention all the titles and academic honours of the doctor, as well as his place of residence. He soon became the talk of the town. 'Do you know,' says one, 'that a famous physician has come here, a very clever fellow; he must be very rich, for he offers twenty-five louis for finding his dog.' The dog was not found, but patients were."

"New Way to get Practice. A poor physician, with plenty of knowledge and no practice, imparted his troubles to one of his friends. 'Listen to my advice,' says the other, 'and follow it. The Café de la Regence is in fashion; I play at chess there every day at two o'clock, when the crowd is thickest; come there too; do not recognise me, and do not speak a word, but seem in a reverie; take your coffee, and always give the waiter the money in a piece of rose-coloured paper; leave the rest to me.' The physician followed his advice, and his oddity was soon remarked. His kind friend said to the customers of the coffee-house, 'Gentlemen, do not think ill of this man because he seems an oddity; he is a profound practitioner; I have known him these fifteen years, and I could tell you of some wonderful cures that he has performed; but he thinks of nothing but his books, and never speaks except to his patients, which has prevented me from becoming intimate with him; but if ever I am obliged to keep my bed, he is the doctor for me.' The friend went on his way, varying the style of his panegyric from time to time, till by degrees all his auditors consulted the doctor with the rose-coloured paper."

Wandsworth. Oliver D. Savage.

FROM RECENT BOOKS

By LOUIS B. FREWER, M.A.
(Bodleian Library)

ENGLAND FOR THE AMERICAN

" The magic name of Dickens is always associated with old England rather than young America. It brings to mind London a century ago, or thereabouts, and peoples the imagination with characters as essentially English as anything in the realm of literature. But Charles Dickens has been loved and honoured a long time in America in spite of the fact that the publication in 1842 of his *American Notes* aroused considerable resentment at first. His plain speaking, however, did little harm, and before many years had passed this human and humorous champion of liberty (for such, almost unconsciously, he most certainly was) has become dear to the hearts of America. To-day Dickens is read everywhere in the United States ; and some of us in England might well take down *American Notes* from our shelves and travel with him in the ' Britannia ' to Boston, which appeared to him as a newly-painted ' toy-town ' ready at a moment's notice to be picked up piecemeal and put into its box. There was much to see in America, and Dickens does not seem to have missed anything. He visited the town of Lowell, where on great occasions the young ladies wore silk stockings and carried parasols. He was in Worcester, sailed up the Connecticut River, saw Hartford and New Haven, and was thrilled with New York. How greatly New England pleased him is shown by his description of it . . .

" In Hartford he saw the old oak in which the charter of King Charles had been hidden, the charter itself being preserved in the State House ; and in New York he walked along the wide and bustling Broadway. ' Was there ever such a sunny street as this ? ' he asks. Wall Street he knew as the scene of fortunes made and lost even a hundred years ago. By night he found New York taverns strange resorts, most of them decorated with portraits of George Washington and Queen Victoria. Rhode Island, Philadelphia, Washington—which did not impress him favourably at all—all these he saw, and of these he came home to write as only Charles Dickens could write, concluding with the memorable words: ' I have many friends in America. I feel a grateful interest in the country. I hope and believe it will successfully work out a problem of the highest importance to the whole human race.'

" Since this was written by Charles Dickens his pen has charmed millions of Americans, his spirit warmed their hearts."—" American England: an Epitome of a Common Heritage," by H. L. Gee. (Methuen.)

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CONGRESSIONAL ORATORY

' The description of Congressional oratory made by Charles Dickens after visiting Washington, ' the headquarters of tobacco-tinctured saliva,' as he called it, is, of course, an overstatement, but it does show the impression Congressional debate sometimes makes. Dickens remarked that ' The feature in oratory which appears to be the most practised and most relished is the constant repetition of the same idea or shadow of an idea in fresh words ; and the inquiry out of doors is not, What did he say ? but How long did he speak ? ' Dickens also found that political debate was more animated than an English gentleman of the nineteenth century would care to approve. ' It is the game of these men,' Dickens said of American politicians, ' to make the strife of politics so fierce and brutal, and so destructive

of all self-respect in worthy men, that sensitive and delicate-minded persons shall be kept aloof, and they, and such as they, be left to battle out their selfish views unchecked. And thus this lowest of all scrambling fights goes on, and they who in other countries, would, from their intelligence and station, most aspire to make the laws, do here recoil the furthest from that degradation.'

" There is frequently not so much generosity in Congressional debates as there might be, but neither do debates reach quite the extreme that Dickens pictures."—" This is Congress," by Roland Young. (Knopf, 1943.)

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ENGLISH-SPEAKING PEOPLES

" The middle of the nineteenth century saw the first flowering of American literature. . . . Very little had been written in America before the 1820's that might not equally well have appeared in London. American periodicals throve greatly on reprints of English books in serial form, often with little or no compensation to the author because of defects in the copyright laws, a grievance which lay behind Charles Dickens's strictures against the young republic in *Martin Chuzzlewit* and *American Notes*.

" No other Whig measure so completely alienated the working class or revealed so clearly that the alliance between the factory owner and the factory hand, which carried the Reform Bill, was but a temporary one. To the ratepayer the reform was welcome. . . . To the working man, who might himself be forced to seek poor relief, it was ' robbery '. . . . The union workhouses were dubbed ' Bastilles ' and compared unfavourably with prisons. One can read in various of the novels of Dickens how bitterly one writer, after he himself was out of the reach of want, condemned the administration of the law. But in the course of time the harsher regulations were modified . . ."—" History of the English-speaking Peoples," by R. B. Mowat and Preston Slosson. (Oxford Univ. Press.)

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THE AMERICAN AND HIS FOOD

" Foreign visitors once thought that American food habits made for ill-health. . . .

" Dickens made Martin Chuzzlewit's journey from New York to the western development ' Eden ' a travelogue of ill-health. Leaving a company of ' spare men with lank and rigid cheeks,' dyspeptic individuals who ' bolted their food in wedges ' and fed not themselves but ' broods of nightmares,' Martin had as train companions a ' very lank ' man and a ' languid and listless gentleman with hollow cheeks.' The hotel porch in the town where he changed to the river boat was filled with yawning, lounging men who kept their hands in their pockets, and the local land agent was a gaunt fellow with a twitching Adam's apple and wrinkled face. A reception was attended by men of a ' ghostly kind,' one of whom had ' glazed and fishy eyes,' and handshakes ranged from ' the hot, the cold, the dry, the moist,' to the flabby, ' the short-lived and the lingering.' The steamboat passengers were as ' flat, as dull, and stagnant as the vegetation that oppressed their eyes.' Among them was the ' very straight, very tall, and not at all flexible in face or figure,' Mrs. Hominey. Finally at his destination Martin was greeted by the sickly, ' wan and forlorn ' inhabitants of ' Eden.'

" Although diet was enriched during the first half-century of national existence, it would appear that at the close of this period the food habits of even the prosperous were far from conducive to good physique or health. Ethereality of appearance was fashionable among both

sexes. Dickens pictures the American, Mr. Jefferson Brick, as a 'small young gentleman of very juvenile appearance, and unwholesomely pale in the face.' Mrs. Brick was a 'little girl like a doll,' a sickly little girl with 'tight round eyes.' "—"The American and his Food," by R. O. Cummings. (Univ. of Chicago Press.)

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"EDEN"

"These optimistic exhibitions of civic pride have long been a British jest, a jest which sophisticated Americans have more recently joined in. But most Americans are still touchy on the subject of local improvements as I discovered when I made an innocent joke about the Chicago drainage canal in a London paper. The European visitor lacks the eye of faith. Thus Dickens made Cairo, Illinois, the butt of his angry wit in his picture of 'Eden' in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, but twenty years later, Anthony Trollope found that picture too flattering. 'I doubt whether that author ever visited Cairo in mid-winter, and I am sure he never visited Cairo when Cairo was the seat of an American army. Had he done so, his love of truth would have forbidden him to presume that even Mark Tapley could have enjoyed himself in such an Eden.' "—"The American Problem," by D. W. Brogan. (Hamilton.)

DICKENSIANA

MAGAZINE AND NEWSPAPER ARTICLES

"Dickens: The Last Phase," by Canon T. W. E. Drury. "Church of Ireland Gazetter, 11th, 18th, 25th August.

"When Dickens Takes you Behind the Curtain," by St. John Ervine. "Belfast Telegraph," 11th August.

"Old Favourites," by Compton Mackenzie. "Glasgow Evening News," 18th August.

"Women Characters in English Literature," by St. John Ervine. "Belfast Telegraph," 8th September.

"Maidstone Railway Centenary. Dickens and the South Eastern." "Modern Transport," 30th September.

"The Cheeryble Brothers." "Manchester Guardian," 26th September, 2nd, 7th October.

"The Crummleses" (letter). "Times Literary Supplement, 14th October.

"The Real Mr. Skimpole." "Christian World," 26th October.

"About Spongers." "Birmingham Weekly Post," 27th October.

DICKENS FELLOWSHIP BRANCH OFFICERS

The thanks of members are due to the following Honorary Secretaries, whose retirement is announced:

Mrs. Cruttenden, Wellington, N.Z.; Miss M. G. Hogan, New York; Mr. Fred Anderson, Winnipeg; and Miss M. Jeffcott, Sydney.

Congratulations are offered to their successors:

Miss L. McKenzie, Wellington, N.Z.; Miss L. O'Brien, New York; Mr. William Cross, Winnipeg; Miss Florence E. Tweedie, Sydney; and also to Miss Ernestine Wilson, Los Angeles.

OBITUARY

We deeply regret to announce the passing of:

Mrs. J. D. Billington	*Headquarters.*
Miss May Gosling	*Blackburn Branch.*
Mr. Walter Heald	*Blackburn Branch.*
Miss Ida M. Moore	*Hon. Secretary, Los Angeles Branch.*
Mrs. Sarah Stubbs	*Blackpool Branch.*